

Naked motorcycle gymkhanas • Horse ripping • Snuff films • Barry Adamson • and NUNZILLA!

WARNING: contains material that could offend



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THE BIZARRE QUESTION

WHO'S YOUR FAVOURITE VAMPIRE?

FIONA JEROME (editor): The Count off *Sesame Street*
 MICHAEL BOOTH (art director): Martin
 JAMES WALLIS (managing editor): John Carpenter's ones
 MARK BLACKLOCK (associate editor): Cheech Martin
 MIKE TROW (picture editor): Catherine Deneuve
 CATHI UNSWORTH (sub-editor): Christopher Lee
 KATHY POOLE (admin assistant): Count Duckula

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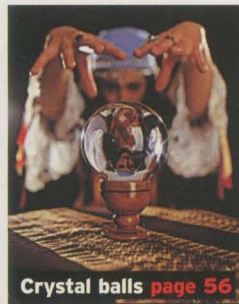
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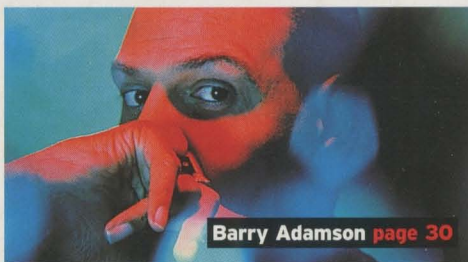
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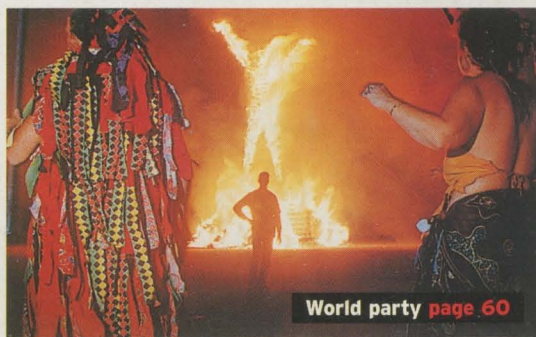
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BIZARRE IMAGES

TEN PAGES OF THE WORLD'S MOST INCREDIBLE PICTURES



Drop the pilot

THIS AERONAUTIC IVAN is one lucky Russki. When a fellow stunt-pilot in the Russian equivalent of the Red Arrows clipped the wing of his MiG-29 Fulcrum fighter at a UK airshow last year, he just managed to eject before the high-octane fuel tanks blew up – singeing his arse on the way out. Although they've been around since 1940, MiG-29s really rose to fame when they took a starring role in the 1986 Tom Cruise vehicle *Top Gun*, almost acting the pint-sized pilot off the screen. And, according to our *I-Spy Book of Jet Fighters*, they're noted for their agility and maneuverability. But they're also one of the cheapest fighter planes around: you can buy one for less than \$10 million, which may seem like a lot of dosh to you, but which is peanuts in the jet-fighter trade. At that sort of bargain basement price, this pilot was lucky that his seat in this Lada of the combat plane world ejected him at all.



Making (Francis) Bacon

BELGIAN ARTIST Wim Delvoye seems obsessed with two things: tattooed pigs and naked men with telescopes stuck up their arses. "As a matter of fact," Bernard Macaudé admits in his introduction to Delvoye's recent exhibition in Antwerp, Belgium, "Many of Wim Delvoye's works remain haunted by the question of anality." Well, that's one way of putting it. His other artistic wheezes include carving everyday phrases – "Mike, your dinner's in the oven – Jill" in huge letters on cliffs, and wrapping bird boxes in studded leather. After a few months of wandering around with the clichés of tattooing (hearts and daggers and snakes twined round skulls) applied to their arses, Delvoye's porkers were duly killed and skinned for his 1997 exhibition. Their outsides became fine art, their innards sausages.



You're barred

ON ONE UNLUCKY day in July, 1989, 15-year-old Julio Castillo was scrambling up seven foot iron railings in search of his baseball when he lost his grip and fell onto the metal spikes lining the top. One went straight through his neck, shattering his jawbone before emerging through his open mouth, leaving him dangling. Julio managed to hang onto the fence for the 90 minutes it took for the Emergency Medical Services team to arrive and cut him free – they were afraid that if they tried to lift him off the railings he would bleed to death before they could get him to the nearest hospital, the Elmhurst in Queens, New York. Firefighters from Rescue Company 4 were called to blow torch their way through the fence, and strapped both it and the boy to a stretcher. After an eight hour operation, hospital spokesman Fred Horen told the press: “He’ll walk out of here. It’s a miracle.”



Public anemone

NO, IT'S NOT H R Giger's design for the next Alien movie, it is in fact a sea anemone. This little tentacled fella lives on the bottom of the Red Sea, where conditions are ideal for anemones, which grow up to 20cm in length: they like warm, salty water, and often gather together in groups, called 'vent colonies', to enjoy the heat and volcanic gases from cracks in the earth's crust, deep beneath the waves. Anemones are noted for their symbiotic relationships with various forms of fish, which grow planktons on their bodies that the anemones feed off, and with hermit crabs, who grab them and stick them onto their shells... The anemones get bits of stray food from the crabs' feeding and the crabs get a coat of nasty stinging tentacles to protect them from predators. However this particular anemone plays host to its own scavenger, a tiny shrimp dwarfed by the alien architecture of its tentacles.







Waist of space

"CORSETRY... IS COSMETIC surgery without the scalpel," Mr Pearl asserts boldly. And he should know, being as how he's reduced his own waist to an eye-bulging 18" by lacing it, 24 hours a day, 7 days a week, into one of his own corsets. He only takes it off when he has a bath, and says he will be satisfied when he gets his waist down to 17". Mr Pearl is often seen at fashion shows, helping models for the likes of John Galliano and Christian Lacroix squeeze into narrow little numbers. Unlike him, they won't face the medical difficulties continual restriction can create, including difficulties digesting food and pissing because of the way the bladder and intestines are forced down by the corset, and the stomach and spleen up. But what price 'beauty'?



Jam-jarred

HARD THOUGH IT may be to believe your eyes, yes, that is a jam jar and yes, it is stuck up someone's bum. This amazing X-ray photo has been coloured to help make it clearer, but that's all the alteration that's been made – it's completely genuine. The man whose bottom it shows told doctors that he was suffering from constipation and pushed the jar into his anus in the hope of relieving it. The jar went past his sphincter muscles and lodged high in his colon. All we can say is that he must have needed to take the mother of all dumps if he was driven to these lengths for relief. Amazingly enough this kind of... erm... accident is not that uncommon... The recommended method of removal is to inject plaster into the jar, stick a pole in like an ice-lolly, and when the plaster has set, pull it out.





Bloody cow

NEVER ONES TO do things by halves when it comes to killing, the Germans began slaughtering imported cattle in March 1997. In 1996 there were only 19 cases of BSE in Germany and they were determined to keep it that way. By comparison, 171,054 cases of BSE have been detected in British cows as of March this year. This picture, taken at the Facility for the Destruction of Animal Corpses in Oberding, near Munich, shows the first step in the anti-BSE process: the removal of heads. Of course it's not just cows the Germans need to be wary of. TJE, a related form of the disease, has now been detected in cats, cheetahs, tigers, ocelots and goats.

You have been w

We were going to give all the films on the *Bullets & Babes* video a little label, like they do in film guides. You know, 'thriller' or 'horror' or 'comedy'. The only problem is, like most good films, they rather defy description. Unless your pigeon-hole system runs to 'bad-girl vampire thriller' or 'horror comedy romance'. What we looked for were a selection of great films we thought you, our readers, would want to learn more about; whether they're cinema releases, available now on video, or something to put on your Christmas list. They come from two companies, Manga Entertainment and Made In Hong Kong, purveyors of the finest in ultra-violent weirdness, and the video kicks off with a taste of all the Manga Entertainment titles, to give you a taste of how exciting and visually stunning their other releases are. So watch and enjoy...

RAZOR BLADE SMILE

Starring Eileen Daly, Christopher Adamson, David Warbeck. Directed by Jake West

Being hailed as the most stylish vampire flick of the decade, *Razor Blade Smile* follows Lilith Silver from the moment she is shot while trying to avenge her lover's death in Victorian England to the present day where, fulfilling every horror fan's wet dream, she's become a sexually voracious rubber-clad assassin with a coffin full of guns. What more do you need to know?

Released on Hallowe'en, this is your chance to check out the coolest Vamp of them all! *Razor Blade Smile* will be coming to a cinema near you from 31 October

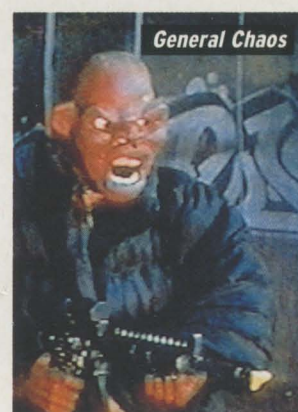


GRAVESEND*

Starring Tony Tucci, Michael Parducci, Tom Mallory, Thomas Brandise.

Directed by Salvatore Stabile

Four Italian kids from Brooklyn are planning a quiet Saturday night, drinking beer and shooting the breeze. They never dream they'll end up shooting anything else. But once you're introduced to Zane (brilliantly portrayed as a knife-edge psycho by Tony Tucci) you won't be surprised when the wrong kind of excitement kicks off. The 23-year-old director, Salvatore Stabile, made the film on a budget of \$5,000 by plugging cameras into lamp posts and begging old film stock. 'Introduced' by Oliver Stone, the result is rough, angry, and shocking. *Gravesend* is currently on theatrical release. A video will follow on June 1, priced £14.99. For more info click on www.gravesend.com



General Chaos

GENERAL CHAOS: UNCENSORED ANIMATION*

We all know cartoons aren't just for kids. Now Manga Entertainment have put together 20 of the best adult-themed cartoons. This includes work by Dave Donar, Jeff Sturgis, Eric Fogel (currently directing *Daria*) and Bill Plympton. With titles like 'Attack of the Hungry Hungry Nipples' and 'Malice In Wonderland', you know we're not in Kansas any more, Toto.

General Chaos is released theatrically in September, and will be released on video in October, priced £9.99.



General Chaos

Perfect Blue



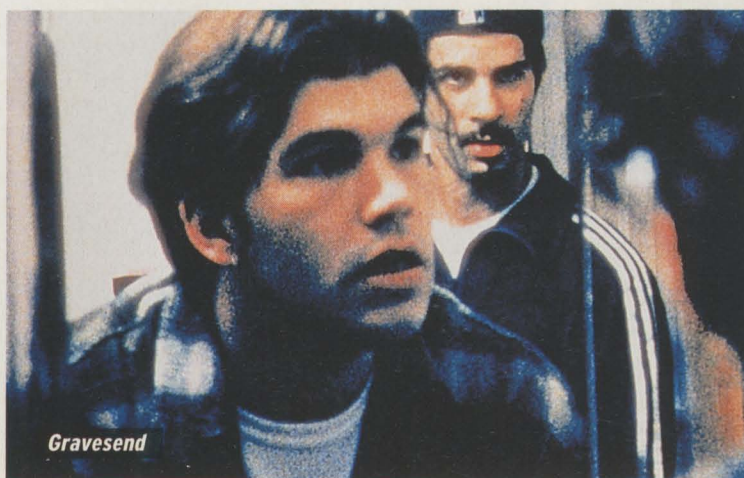
だってあなたは汚れちゃったもの。

PERFECT BLUE

If Alfred Hitchcock had made a film for Walt Disney, the result would be *Perfect Blue*. Strange concept to get your head round, but the resultant psychological thriller heralds a new era of serious Japanese animation. Katsuhiro Otomo, creator of *Akira*, advised on translating Yoshikazu Takeuchi's novel about Mima, a young 'idol' singer whose move into increasingly raunchy TV parts causes one of her fans to go over the edge and start killing people around her, egged on by a mystery woman on the internet who claims to be the real Mima. But how much is actually happening and how much is in her mind? The result is a film which stretches our conceptions of what 'cartoons' can portray, and one of the few truly adult animated films. *Perfect Blue* is available on video from 9 November, priced £13.99



General Chaos



Gravesend

atching...

BULLETS and BABES



God of Gamblers

GHOST IN THE SHELL*

"It found a voice, now it needs a body". In a future where bioengineering and cyborgs are taken for granted, and most humans live in a virtual world, policed by cops who're able to download themselves into giant robots, *Ghost in the Shell* examines the meaning of being human (and is still a kick-ass action cartoon). Masimo Shirow is a giant among creators of manga, and *Ghost In The Shell* is a culmination of years of work, which combines regular animation with dazzling use of computer-generated graphics.

Ghost In The Shell is currently available from Manga, priced £13.99



Chinese Ghost Story

A CHINESE GHOST STORY*

Starring Leslie Cheung, Joi Wang, Wu Ma.
Directed by Ching Siu Tung

This film defies description, and broke down barriers between the perceived 'genres' of Hong Kong film making. Touching love story? Comic triumph? Scary but elegant supernatural spectacular? By daring to be different, *A Chinese Ghost Story's* tale of a gauche tax collector who falls in love with a ghost was an enormous box office hit, and a perennial favourite with Oriental film buffs. The tree-top fights are eye-popping enough, but wait until you see the demon tongue...

A Chinese Ghost Story is currently available from MIHK, priced £12.99

FIST OF LEGEND*

Starring Jet Lee, Choi Siu Fan, Chin Siu Ho,
Directed by Chan Ka Sheung

Way back in issue 2 we predicted that Jet Lee would be Bruce Lee's natural successor with his good looks and distinctive fighting style, of which you'll be able to see more in the forthcoming *Lethal Weapon 4*. Now's your chance to see why we tipped him in the first place. *Fist of Legend's* about a young man who returns to his native Shanghai to avenge his mentor's murder at the hands of the Japanese militia, who see his martial arts school as a barrier to their plans to invade China. Set during the political unrest in the Far East just after the turn of the century, the film dramatises the clash of old and new cultures as fists take on guns.

Fist of Legend is released on video by MIHK this summer, priced £12.99



Chinese Ghost Story



Fist of Legend

GOD OF GAMBLERS*

Starring Chow Yun Fat, Andy Lau.

Directed by Wong Jing

A manic hybrid of comedy and thriller, *God of Gamblers* stars the poker-faced Chow Yun Fat, star of the new Hollywood blockbuster *Replacement Killers*, as a professional gambler who, after a bump on the head, is rescued by hustler Andy Lau. Discovering his friend's talent for cards, Lau introduces him to Hong Kong's corrupt gambling circuit, where he cuts a bumbling swathe through the low-lives, gangsters and pimps. A film that can make you laugh and then throw in nut-clenching violence at a second's notice. *God of Gamblers* is currently available from MIHK, priced £12.99

SAVIOUR OF THE SOUL*

Starring Andy Lau, Anita Mui and Aaron Kwok. Directed by David Lai and Yuen Kwai

Quentin Tarantino fêted the amazing action sequences in this movie with good reason. You'll understand when you see the spectacular flying climax of this ultra-violent tale which mixes 21st-century weaponry with ages-old magic. Four superhero bounty hunters go after the unspeakably evil Silver Fox. The plot's quite mad, of course, but the action'll knock your socks off. *Saviour of the Soul* is currently available from MIHK, priced £12.99



Eileen Daly,
star of Manga's
Razor Blade Smile

* SEE PAGES 74-75 TO ORDER
A COPY OF THESE VIDEOS AT A
VERY SPECIAL BIZARRE PRICE

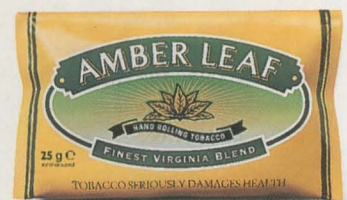
SMOKING CAUSES

Chief Medical

BIZARRE STORIES

THE

Attack of the
2-inch man!



The only thing worth putting on paper.

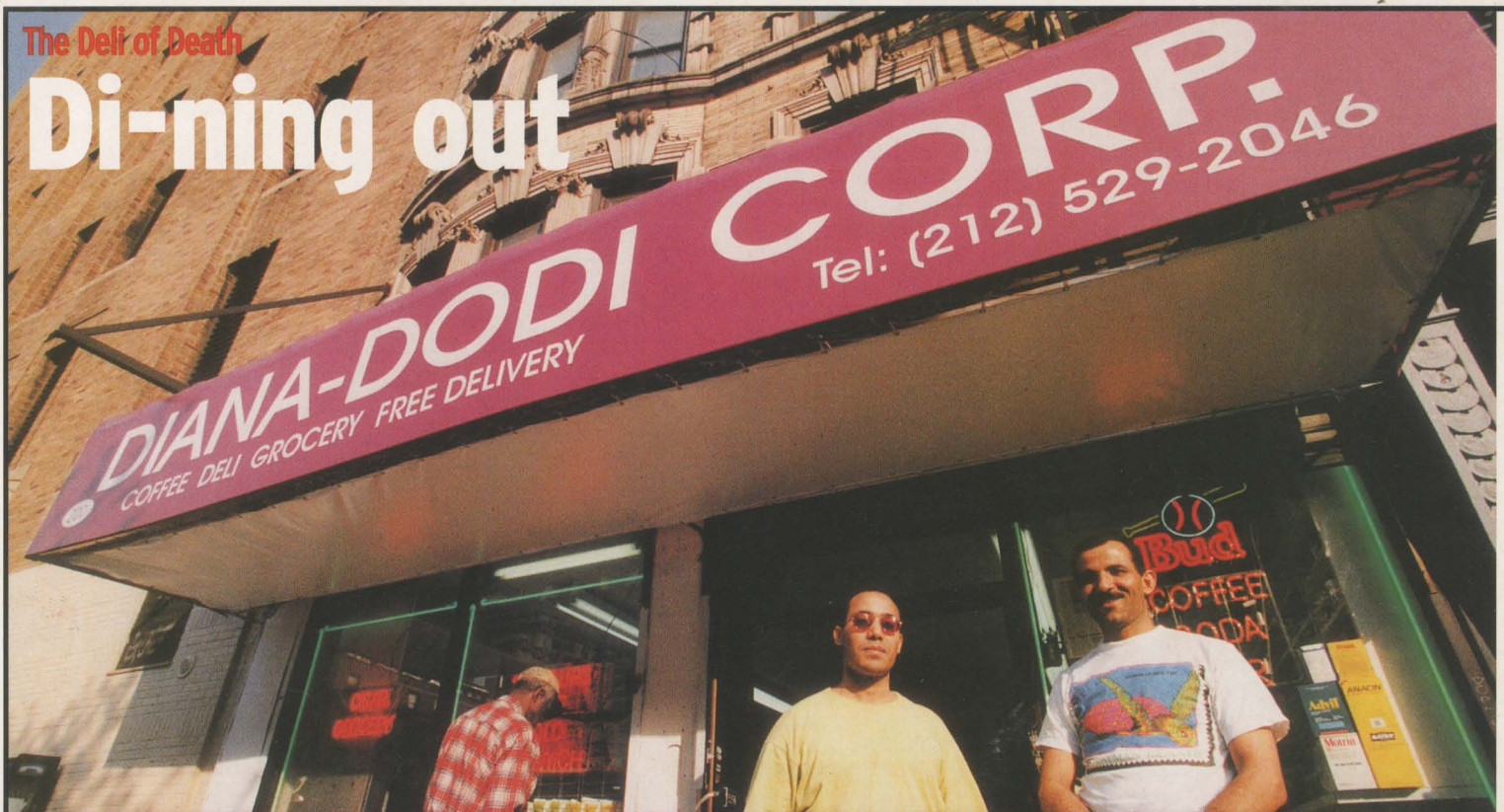
HEART DISEASE

Officers' Warning

BIZARRE STORIES

The Deli of Death

Di-ning out



THERE WAS OUTRAGE in Manhattan's East Village when Abdel Rahaman named his new deli the Diana-Dodi Corp. Rahaman decided to pay this tribute because, "He loves Dodi like everybody else," and comes from Alexandria, home of Dodi's dad, Mohamed al-Fayed. Not everyone thinks the store's in good taste, particularly Alex Safa. This is

not a entirely surprising since Mr Safa is the owner of its rival just across the street. "I think it's sick," he told *The New York Post*. And, pausing to get in a quick plug, added "My deli is called the Sambas Deli – the deli of life. I think he should call his deli the Deli of Death."

If Abdel Rahaman wanted to expand into Britain

the Diana, Princess of Wales Memorial Fund would be able to slap a writ on him for using their registered trademark. However, under New York State law he's free to use their first names. The deli's stirring up considerable local interest. "A lot of people come in and stop and take pictures," the manager pointed out. "Everyone likes it."



We love Poles

BIG ONES, SMALL ones, skinny ones, fat ones... we love all Poles, but we especially love the 200 lucky ones who're going to end up buying the copies of BIZARRE we're exporting there. We don't care that we've lost thousands of sales by being banned in Holland, Belgium, Singapore and now South Africa. We're bringing sex, death and enlightenment to the Eastern Bloc now. The book is open on which will be the first Southern state of America to ban us too.

Speaking of bans, if you're puzzled by the appearance of a free video with this issue of BIZARRE and you missed last issue, no, we aren't so generous that we've given you two in a row. We had problems slipping the tape past the BBFC last issue, so it got delayed. But at last I can tell you to slip it in your slot, sit back and enjoy.

Fiona Jerome
EDITOR

Nunzilla

Attack of the 2-inch nuns!



"SAY YOUR PRAYERS! Nunzilla comes, breathing fiery sparks as she walks!" Anyone who went to a Catholic school will recognise this squat, green-eyed ruler and Bible-wielding monster from their worst nightmares. Best of all, sparks fly from her mouth as she walks along. £4.50 from BM Decadence, London WC1N 3XX, tel 0171 281 8084. Check out their site at www.underbelly.demon.co.uk

UFO murders

The tooth

DID JOHN FORD, a UFO-obsessed Republican from Suffolk County, New York, attempt to murder his local party chairman John Powell by rubbing his car and spiking his sugar and toothpaste with stolen radium?

Ford (a leading light of the Long Island UFO Network, or LIUFON for short) believed there was a far-reaching government conspiracy that covered up the existence of UFOs, and hit upon the idea of offing his local reps so that he and his friends could be elected in their place and reveal 'the truth'. "He does have a somewhat vivid imagination," said Walter Andrus, the international director of MUFON. "He makes up his own facts." In November last year, Ford was declared unfit to stand trial and sent to an upstate psychiatric institution for at least a year.

nuns, ne'r do wells, nutters & nighties

Odd job

Vulcanologist

No, you don't get to shout "Onward, my Hawkmen" a lot – a vulcanologist is someone who goes down volcanos, silly! Dr. Simon Young is currently on the island of Montserrat, working on the world's most active volcano...

Do you study active volcanoes in particular?

At the moment I'm working on active volcanoes, Montserrat being the most active. There's about 50 that are potentially active in Chile itself, some of which will probably erupt in the near future. I'm trying to get some idea of when and what happens, and trying to prepare people for that eventuality.

Have you ever been at the top of a volcano as it's erupted?

Yeah, the volcano at Montserrat has been erupting for the last two and a half years so there's usually something pretty exciting going on.

Presumably that's not huge a apocalyptic eruption?

Yeah. I think the media and the general public think of volcanos as either like Hawaii, where there's lava coming out, or big Krakatoa-like explosions with whole islands falling into the sea.

What does vulcanology involve practically?

To some extent it's computerised, but it's not as technical as one might imagine. You can't do anything from just having a computer there. The ground is actually shifting all the time, we monitor the gases that come out. So there's a lot of field-work.

"There is a certain risk level you just have to accept"



How do you get the instruments in place?

We have a helicopter which is vital because most of the places we put the instruments could get affected if the thing decided to erupt. And we can't predict within minutes or even hours when it's going to. All the time we're in radio contact with the observatory, so they can tell us if they pick up signals they don't like. We wear protective equipment and firesuits. But there is a risk level you just have to accept.

How did you get into it?

I did a degree in geology and then post-graduate studies in active volcanos.

How do people react when you tell them that you're a vulcanologist?

Usually they flap their hands by their ears and make kind of Spock actions with their hands. Most people are interested, because there've been lots of films about volcanos.

WORLD WIDE



WEIRD

What a blow



After traces of marijuana were found in his test samples, Canadian snowboarder Ross Rebagliati was stripped of his gold medal from the winter Olympics. But only until the red-faced Olympic committee had to give it back when they realised that marijuana wasn't actually on their list of prohibited drugs.

Little big man

When a photo developer in Royal Oak, Michigan, found explicit pictures of two naked women alongside what looked like a ten-year-old boy in a Chicago Bulls basketball kit, they sent them to the police. The case was dropped after a 23-year-old with a growth disorder turned up at the police station to identify himself and claim the offending pictures.

Inflation



Kathleen Corona was knocked down by a giant 'Cat in the Hat' balloon blown out of control by high winds

during last year's Macy's Thanksgiving Day parade in New York. She's now suing Macy's and the city for \$395 million.

Top man

Twenty-year-old John Cote, planning to kill himself and wanting to clear his conscience, wrote to his local paper in Arkansas admitting that he was behind a series of robberies that had been baffling local police. When he decided not to top himself after all, the police picked him up. He's now serving a 30-year sentence.

Fired with enthusiasm



In Baltimore, police arrested Robert Gettman Boone for firing home-made

bombs, two feet long, out of his garden, across a busy road and into an empty lot. "Nothing to get excited about. Just doing some experiments with high explosives," he's reported as saying to police officers who rushed to the scene. ►

paste killers

Ford and two accomplices – one a Defense Department employee who allegedly supplied the radioactive radium and another, a professional burglar and hot-rod freak – were arrested on 15 June last year.

Unfortunately, according to our nuclear expert, radium's "just not radioactive enough" to kill anyone unless delivered in huge doses over a long period of time. And of course it's rather easy to work out where radioactive material has

been. That's ten points for being inventive, but a big nul point for covering over your tracks, guys.

Knickers for boys

Shame about the socks...

WHETHER YOU want to be a bunny boy, seductive in satin, or wave your pom-poms with wild abandon in a cheeky cheerleader outfit, Apres Noir is the firm for you. Lacy creations are a perennial favourite with men who like to let loose their feminine side, but they also do rubber, PVC and dressing up outfits for strapping six-foot schoolgirls. Our tester was not impressed with his lacy pink peignoir (a surprisingly reasonable £30) with a matching ballet tanga (£8):

"This cheap material is playing havoc with my skin condition," he sulked.

Apres Noir, tel 01225 774140, fax 01225 774452



BIZARRE STORIES

Castaway Central

Adrift on the cruel sea...

The Bligh done good:

Longest voyage in a small boat, 1789

After the mutiny on the *Bounty*, Captain Bligh and 18 loyal sailors were set adrift in an open boat, packed so full that the gunwales were only inches out of the water. Bligh – lousy officer but a brilliant navigator – sailed it 3,600 miles across the Pacific in 47 days, losing only one man. The *Bounty* mutineers did less well: 17 were captured in Tahiti, and the eight who reached Pitcairn Island with Fletcher Christian murdered each other in arguments over women, leaving just a single survivor.

Worst discipline: The raft of the *Medusa*, 1816

It was a case of 'women and children last' when the French transport *Medusa* ran aground off the desert coast of Mauritania in July 1816. The captain, officers and the wealthiest passengers made off in the boats, leaving 150 to scramble onto a makeshift raft 60 feet by 20. These survivors, standing up to their thighs in water, discovered the only liquid on board was wine. A group of drunken convicts mutinied, killing 80 with swords and hatchets, 40 died from sunstroke, and a dozen wounded castaways were murdered so their rations could go to 15 healthy mutineers who had turned cannibal to survive. Only 10 of the original 150 survived to be picked up after 12 days adrift under the merciless Saharan sun.

Longest time adrift: Poon Lim, November 23 1942 – 5 April 1943

Chinese messman Poon Lim was serving on board a British merchantman when it was torpedoed by a U-boat off the north coast of Brazil. He swam to an empty life-raft with a small supply of water and ship's biscuit, and survived on this and the fish and sharks he caught with an improvised hook for a record 133 days. He was finally rescued by Brazilian fishermen. Told he had survived longer than any other shipwrecked sailor, Poon replied: "I hope no-one will ever have to break my record."

The real Robinson Crusoe: Alexander Selkirk on Juan Fernandez, 1704-1709

Daniel Defoe based his famous novel on the story of Selkirk, a cantankerous Scot marooned on an island 400 miles off the coast of Chile after arguing with his captain. He survived for five years, hunting wild goats and fending off ravenous rats, before being rescued.

Most unnecessary sacrifice: The *William Brown*, 1841

When this emigrant ship foundered after striking ice in the North Atlantic, hard-bitten Finnish seaman Alexander Holmes found himself in charge of a sinking longboat. Deciding the only way to save the boat was to lighten its load of 42, he ordered the male passengers thrown overboard. 12 went into the icy water, two accompanied by wives who refused to be parted from them. At dawn another pair who had hidden were discovered and hurled in. Half an hour later, a rescue ship picked up the 26 survivors.

Lost in a sea of sand:

The *Flatters Expedition*, 1881

You don't need to be a seaman to be a castaway. The 100 soldiers of the *Flatters expedition*, sent to subdue the nomads of the Ahaggar, found themselves lost in the world's most inhospitable desert when their officers were ambushed and murdered trying to find wells. Without water or camels, the survivors faced an 85-day march back to civilisation, harassed every step of the way. Only one solitary Frenchman made it back to base.

The seawater salesman: Alain Bombard, 1952

Many a shipwrecked sailor has died of thirst, cast adrift on trillions of gallons of water, because until the 1950s people thought drinking seawater would kill you. Doctor Bombard disagreed, and to prove it set out to cross the South Atlantic in an inflatable dinghy, limiting himself to one and a half pints of seawater a day (which contains an adult's daily requirement of salt). Eating fish he caught himself, Bombard survived for 65 days.



Slab happy

Operation: Roswell

IF YOU GREW up in the 1970s you'll remember Operation!, the gimmicky game in which you tried to fish little bits of plastic out of holes in a cardboard bloke. If you touched the hole his nose lit up and bleeped. It was ace, up there with Mousetrapp, Buckaroo! and Ker-Plunk! in the 'games with lots of plastic pieces' stakes. Well, now you can relive those days with a spooky new twist: Alien Autopsy. It has the same little plastic bits, the same crap tweezers... but this time it's the body of a grey alien and its eyes flash when you screw up. It costs £32.50 or alternatively you can scour your local car boot sales and get the original for about 50p.

<http://www.damert.com> or mail info@damert.com for ordering details

Going out with a bang



TWATS

Monkey business: Hartlepool, Napoleonic Wars

According to legend a pet monkey, the only survivor of a shipwreck in the North Sea, swam ashore at Hartlepool, where it was promptly hung by local yokels who thought it was a French spy. It may be folklore, but the sophisticates of neighbouring Sunderland and Middlesbrough still shout "Monkey hangers!" in order to annoy people from the city.



The inspiration for *Jaws*: Loss of the USS Indianapolis, July 1945

The American heavy cruiser was hit by torpedoes in the Philippine Sea, leaving 850 crewmen swimming for their lives, drifting south, buoyed by lifejackets. The next day sharks found the survivors and attacked for three days in succession, killing 500 – including one unfortunate who lost both legs but drowned before he could bleed to death when his lifejacket flipped his unbalanced torso upside down. In *Jaws*, tough-guy Quint's hatred for sharks was explained by making him a veteran of the Indianapolis.

Least fortunate survivors: Unnamed American seamen, c.1810

Two Yankee merchant sailors, who survived a shipwreck on the Moroccan coast, became the first white men to reach the fabulous city of Timbuktu. Unfortunately they went there as captives, and were auctioned off to Arab slavers who ran an isolated salt mine in the middle of the Sahara Desert. The men were never heard from again.

Tastiest cabin boy: The Mignonette, 1884

Eating the cabin boy is an ancient custom at sea, so Richard Parker probably feared the worst when he was cast adrift in a tiny yawl with three seamen after the yacht Mignonette foundered in the South Atlantic. After 19 days, provisions exhausted, the captain cast lots to determine who would be killed to provide food. Not surprisingly, Parker drew the short straw and was stabbed, his body sustaining the others for five days until they were rescued.

Her Majesty's Rustbucket: HMS Magaera, 1871

The Magaera was an ageing hulk when some bright spark at the Admiralty decided to recommission her to sail to Australia. Her iron bottom riddled with rust, the ship sprang a leak in the Indian Ocean, forcing the captain to beach her on remote St Paul Island – little more than the crater of an extinct volcano. Some 300 men spent two months stranded there before being rescued by a passing merchantman.

WORLD WIDE



WEIRD

Don't eat the evidence



At the trial over the world's worst outbreak of E-coli 157 poisoning, in Lanarkshire, the lawyer for the

butcher whose shop was being identified as the source of the outbreak was suddenly taken down with food poisoning.

Raise the red lantern

Greek archeologists in Salonika have unearthed what they reckon is the world's oldest knocking shop, dating back to the first century BC. Finds included a collection of sex toys. "This find," said Culture Minister Evangelos Venizelos, "will most certainly be projected well. What can I say? We all love it."

Died sloppy



When Paul Hughes' Ford Sierra skidded into a ditch

near Selby, North Yorkshire, he clambered out to warn on-coming drivers about ice on the road. Too late: a Jaguar went out of control on the same patch of ice and killed him.

We'd hate to see their computers

A school in Las Vegas is using textbooks printed in 1963, and has no plans to change them, despite an outcry from parents. Parents and authorities claim that sentences like "During your lifetime, man will probably land on the moon," could be a problem.

The sword of the Lord



It is now legal for priests to carry concealed firearms in churches in

Frankfort, Kentucky, thanks to a change in the law which was carried by 76 votes to 9.

Modern parents

Police in Saudi Arabia have threatened to arrest Abdullah Mohammed Ali and his wife Hasna Mohammed Humair if they don't retrieve their septuplets from the hospital where they were born. Abdullah, a cab-driver, claims he can't support his three wives and 16 kids on what he earns.

Rocket from the crypt

IF YOU'RE WORRIED you'll never get to heaven, get an extra boost from a few pounds of gunpowder and a big stick. Yes, you guessed it... following space funerals, you can now be fired into the wild blue yonder and go out with not just a bang but a shower of golden stars.

De Ode are the Dutch morticians promoting this unusual way of dispersing ashes. Chairman Walter Carpay explained: "People want to take a greater part in the organising of their funerals." Somewhat cryptically he added: "There is a trend toward happier ways of bidding farewell to the dead. Why add sadness to grief? We offer the possibility of turning a funeral into a festive occasion with drinks, snacks and campfires." One for all the dead Boy Scouts, then.

WAY TO GO

10. Death by tropical fish

MOST 36-YEAR-olds have got past the practical joke stage. Not Stephen Hill Epperson from Bayou Vista, Louisiana, who put his friend's six inch long Jack Dempsey fish in his mouth for a laugh. Seconds later he started to choke. Unfortunately both fish and joker were declared dead on arrival at the local hospital.



TWAT

BIZARRE STORIES

Bizarre history

Media gore: captured Thugs recreate their murders for the cameras



murderers. They specialised in gaining the confidence of their victims, meeting them by 'accident' and suggesting they travel together for safety. Days might pass before they could murder every member of the party simultaneously.

It sounds impossible that so many people could vanish without anything being done about it. But Thugs never killed Europeans, and the size of India meant it could be months before anyone noticed a traveller was missing. Add to that the fact that most gangs were protected by local princes, who raked off cash from the bodies, and it becomes easier to understand how India's dark secret could have been kept for centuries.

10. The Thugs

India's brotherhood of stranglers, the harvesters of 20 million souls

EVERY COUNTRY HAS its secret societies. Some boast blood-curdling initiation rituals, others dire penalties for rule-breakers. But, let's face it, most are thinly-veiled excuses for middle-aged men to get away from their wives for an evening and get pissed.

Not so Thuggee, the Indian cult dedicated to the worship of Kali, the many-armed demon goddess. Followers thought it a religious duty to murder as many men as possible on the roads between Calcutta and Bombay. Once a traveller fell in with the well-drilled Thugs (pronounced 'Tugs', but yes, that is where the word comes from), he had little chance.

During Thuggee's heyday, between about 1290 (when their existence was first recorded) and 1840, it's estimated that about 5,000 Thugs were active, accounting for 10,000 to 40,000 victims each year – between five and 22 million dead bodies in total.

During careers that lasted 40 years or more, the best Thug murderers could account for staggering numbers of victims. One, Buhram, who was captured by the British in around 1830, boasted of over 931 killings and admitted, "There were many more, but I ceased counting when certain of my thousand men." To put this feat in perspective, today's top-ranked serial killer, 'the monster of the Andes', Pedro Lopez, offed a mere 300 girls.

The Thugs' techniques were, highly refined. They believed Kali had ordered no blood be spilt, so they strangled their victims using a strip of coarse silk called a *rumal*. Three Thugs were assigned to each one – two to hold them down, the other to do the throttling. The whole process was over in seconds. Because their victims travelled in large groups for mutual protection, the Thugs operated in gangs containing up to 200 experienced



One, Buhram, boasted of 931 killings

It was only when an army Captain, William Sleeman, took rumours of the Thugs seriously in the 1820s that the British finally recognised the problem. Sleeman dedicated his life to hunting down the Thugs, using informants. In this way he was able to exterminate Thuggee in the space of 20 years.

A total of 4,500 Thugs were captured. Well over 1,000 were hanged, and the remainder shipped off for life to a harsh penal colony in the Andaman Islands. Nor did the Thug informants escape. Sleeman believed their blood lust was

such they could never be released, and they lived out their lives under guard in a specially-built village where they made tents for the British army. They even became a tourist attraction, offering visitors "a horrible thrill from imagining all the terrors of the noose, dismemberment and burial which had given the old reprobates such holy pleasure long ago".

Scooter fun

Nude motorcycle gymkhanas



IF WE HAD a great big fuck-off Harley we'd have better things to do with it than enter the biker's equivalent of *It's A Knockout*. Then again we wouldn't ride it naked, unlike the hundreds of

scooter-n-sunburn enthusiasts who gather every year at Turtle Lake, Michigan, for the event they call Nudestock. Judging from these pictures there's a lower weight limit for contestants who spend happy days in the sun trying to grab snacks slung from fishing lines in their teeth. And if they feel a bit shy about showing their bits to all and sundry, they can buy a Harley posing pouch. Doing things in the nuddy's

becoming more and more popular. Nude football enthusiasts recently won the right to tackle with their tackle out, while golfing Floridians are flocking together to tee-off starters and Nudestock has been so popular that Turtle Lake is now looking forward to hosting a successor to this traditional bums on bikes gathering... a nude classic car rally. Chitty Chitty Wang Wang anyone?



Sunbathing and bikes do mix

Right, who's playing their joker on this round?

Highway to hell

Buddha the devil you know...



Take that you tree-hugging freak!

THEY'RE NICE blokes, Buddhists. Sit around cross-legged meditating, wouldn't hurt a fly in case it's the reincarnation of their Great Uncle Johnny. Don't eat meat and are kind to Miss World contestants and animals. Unless you're an unbeliever, of course. They're also pretty handy with the old buzzsaw and paint pot, as these pictures show.

These extraordinary statues are from the Wat Phairongwua temple near Nakhon Pathom, 60km north of Bangkok. They show what'll happen to the Thai Buddhists who make up 90% of the country's population if they don't tow the line. This seems to consist of being forced to hug cactuses while men with big spears stick them up your bum. Thai

Buddhists have the best of all worlds: not only do they believe in reincarnation but also in hell for those who don't share in their beliefs. And they think people come back as ghosts if not treated right after death. When someone pops their clogs, friends pay their respects to the ghost of the departed at a

temple or in front of the statue of Buddha in their shrine at home. Which, we suppose, puts paid to any *Scooby Doo*-style meddling kids.

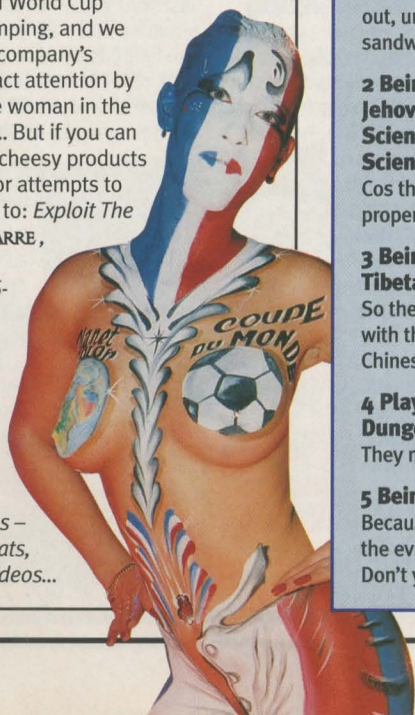


No eating meat, unless it's each other

COMPETITION

World cup exploitation

WE MAY HAVE one of the shittiest World Cup songs in living memory, but at least we haven't resorted to anything as tacky as this. We searched high and low for the most desperate bit of World Cup bandwagon-jumping, and we reckon it's this company's attempt to attract attention by painting a nude woman in the French colours... But if you can do better send cheesy products and clips of poor attempts to make the news to: *Exploit The World Cup*, BIZARRE, The New Boathouse, 136-142 Bramley Road, London W10 6SR. We'll print the best and send the person who supplied it a big box of BIZARRE goodies - t-shirts, beer mats, mouse mats, videos...



Top ten

Satanic signs...

Things that will cause you to burn in hell, according to the forgiving Christians at The Satanic Hotline (717) 795-1844

1 Building fires and dancing around trees

Far too pagan. So camping's out, unless you take sandwiches

2 Being a Mormon, Jehovah's Witness, Scientologist, Christian Scientist or Unitarian

Cos they're obviously not proper Christians

3 Being a Tibetan

So they agree with the Chinese then...



4 Playing Dungeons & Dragons

They may have a point

5 Being President of the US

Because all Presidents support the evil Tri-Lateral Committee. Don't you know anything?

7 Doing yoga

See 4

6 Taking drugs in a mental hospital or state-run hospital

Presumably BUPA membership exempts you from sin as well as over-crowded wards

8 Going to an Alcoholics Anonymous meeting

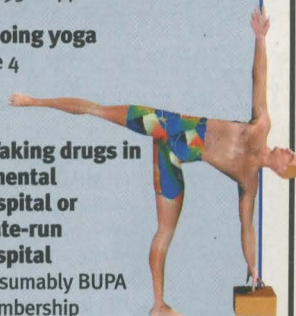
Hello, my name is Bill and I'm shit-faced but I don't care because I'm going to heaven...

9 Thinking you are immortal

Well, it is a sign of madness

10 Thinking you are a god

Ditto, with knobs on



WORLD WIDE



Tama-gotcha



When the Tamagotchi on her keyring started bleeping for attention, a French driver became 'distracted', took her eyes off the road and ploughed into a pack of cyclists, killing one and seriously injuring another.

E-male

After his wife left him, Brian Patrick Moore of Michigan used his internet account to post messages in chat-rooms, giving her phone number and encouraging people to call her for phone sex "anytime after midnight". Caught, he was jailed for a month and had to give up his computer.

Heavenly rest



NASA astronauts on the space shuttle Columbia have proved, in scientific tests, that it is possible to snore in zero gravity.

Scent of a woman

Despite what aftershave manufacturers may say, what turns most women on is a mixture of licorice and cucumber, a recent experiment revealed. Women wore masks steeped in a variety of scents while the blood flow to their vagina was measured to gauge arousal.

Pissy fit

Dennis Kuchmack, 41, didn't reckon on technological advances when he repeatedly broke into one of his tenant's apartments and pissed in her Chinese takeaway. The New York woman, suspecting something didn't taste right, installed a camera in her fridge and caught him in the act.

Automatic stripping



Attempting to explain how she came to take her clothes off for *Playboy*, Jenny McCarthy explained she was looking for modelling work when a strange compulsion overcame her: "And I went, 'Jenny, no, no.' All of a sudden my body started walking there. A larger force, and I call it destiny, brought me in the door, moved my mouth, took the robe off, and did it." Yeah, right.

BIZARRE STORIES

APPROVED

James Crumley

Renegade hardman James Crumley is so cool he can write a script for the *Judge Dredd* movie and STILL be considered the most hard-boiled writer living

"SOUTH TEXAS IS tremendously anti-intellectual. Nobody reads much, so reading gets to be a secret habit like masturbation..." James Crumley, on his dirt poor upbringing in the badlands between Texas and Mexico, where so much of his writing's set; a blistering, soul-wrecking landscape he describes as "a repressive and uncomfortable place." He got out by spending three years in the army – "I didn't do well, spent some time in the Stockade" – to earn an engineering scholarship. He didn't do too well at that either, pretty much the story of his life...

Crumley's the writer the legends of hard-boiled detective fiction look to with envy, and yet his name's barely known outside the conoscianti despite the fact that his last novel, *Bordersnakes*, was published in the UK by HarperCollins, and every book he's written has been optioned by

Hollywood. But unlike his near neighbour James Ellroy, whose *LA Confidential* was a surprise hit last year, none have even reached pre-production. In his 59 years he's lived some, just like his two poetic loner heroes Milo Milodragovitch and C.W. Shugrue. But somehow his colourful, hard-drinking life has never translated into the kind of media coverage other pretenders to the throne of Dashiell Hammett enjoy.

So why has nobody ever heard of James Crumley, the most literate yet gritty writer America has produced for decades, a man whose novels blaze with amazing characters, boozing bulldogs, pushers and pimps and bikers who'll start a brawl because someone looked at them funny and laugh about it afterwards? Crumley mixes lyrical description with

barrages of swearing as his heroes, high on whatever stimulants they can find, labour through cases in which they're usually hopelessly outclassed, a thick streak of doggedness and black humour the only thing keeping them at it when history has already amply demonstrated their shortcomings. One chapter reads like Tarantino on bad acid, the next reminds you of *Leaving Las Vegas*, only more so – sad, poignant, but bitter with it.

His books inhabit the last wild places left

Part of the reason for his obscurity is that Crumley's managed only six books in a career of nearly 30 years. His first, *One To Count Cadence*, looked war square in the face, but made him few friends because, coming out during Vietnam, he refused to side with Left or Right: "A lot of people hated that book. I had put everything I had into that book..." For a man who's characters deal in violence he's right off guns. "There are too many guns in America." And this despite having been brought up in Redneck country and having moved to cowboy heaven, Montana: "I was always left wing, nearly anarchist."

Chasing commercial success (and money to pay the alimony fallout of his broken relationships) Crumley has slaved over screenplays. He even wrote one for the *Judge Dredd* movie (rejected, of course). But mainstream success has always eluded him. Small wonder that whenever things seem to be finally going right for his characters they go most wrong. His 1994 offering, *The Mexican Tree Duck*, won the Dashiell Hammett Award for Best Literary Crime Novel, perhaps banishing the spectre of writing the great American novel. "Not only do I not have the notion that the serious novel is more important than the detective novel, I can't remember why I ever had that notion. Must have been crazed, ignorant or stupid to have fallen prey to the cheapest kind of intellectual snobbery," he told John Williams in the excellent *Into The Badlands*, a study of American Noir.

In fact Crumley's burnt far more work than he's published, according to Williams. Like his heroes, Crumley has spent his life looking for something that's probably doesn't exist, except in the heads of other children of the 1960s, a dream of free life.

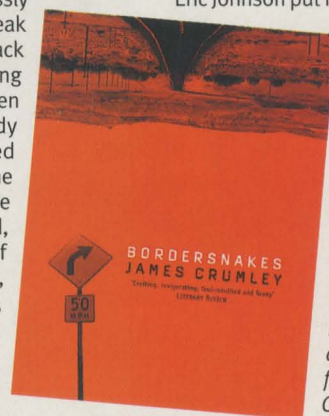
His books are journeys among the dregs of society, set in the badlands of North Carolina and South Texas, or under the big skies of Montana, the last wild places in the country, where wastrels hole up and get pissed at dusty roadside bars and the only thing that relieves the tedium is violence. Milo and Shugrue fit right in. As critic Eric Johnson put it: "Neither would win

a Mr. Sensitive contest, but they are as quick to share a manly hug as they are to slam an uncooperative witness' head into a doorjamb."

Our kind of new men? Damn right. James Crumley? Approved!

Into the Badlands can be purchased from Murder One, 71 Charring Cross Road, London W1. Call 0171

734 3485 or 0171 734 3483. James Crumley is published by HarperCollins.



Hooking your investor

You will need...

- A demonstration model. Install it somewhere where you can control access and prevent people from nosing around anything you want to keep hidden. Hook up any hidden power sources you require. Smart investors will want to see a demo elsewhere. Don't get cocky – palm them off with an excuse and wait for a proper mug to come along.

- A few simple conjuring techniques. All great con men possess the skills of sleight-of-hand and the ability to distract attention at the crucial moment.

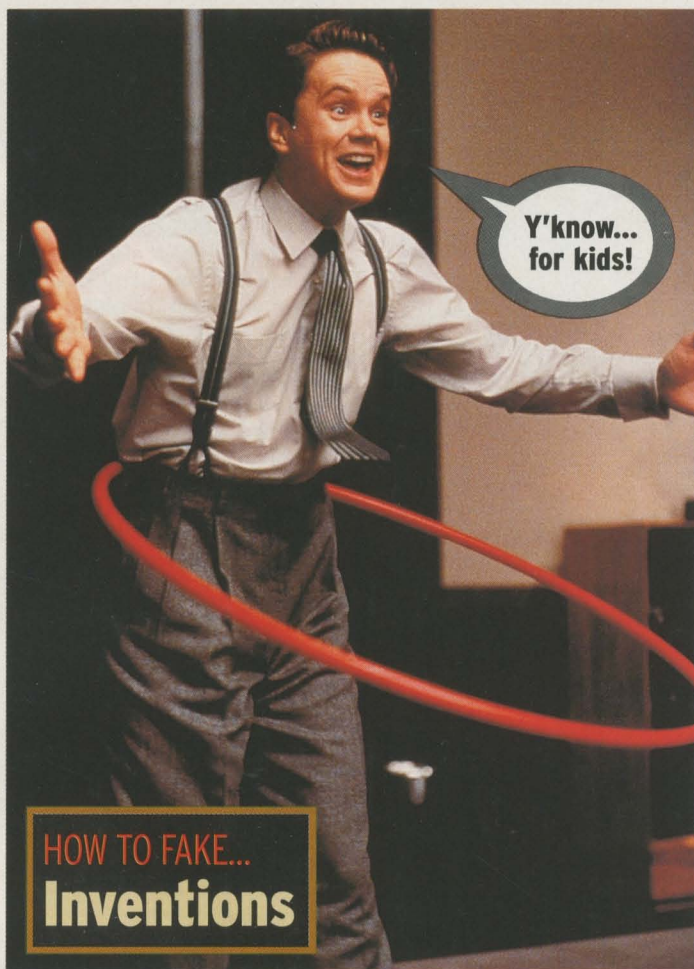
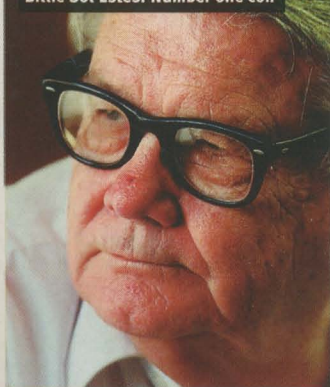
- A plausible front man is a must. Ideally you want someone who can present themselves as a lawyer or advisor acting for the actual inventor. That way they can talk turkey with potential investors without answering too many awkward questions. A good front man will be middle aged (for that 'man of the world' gravitas), quick-thinking, an adept flatterer, and seemingly successful in his own right.

- The right line in patter. Don't make too many extravagant claims for your invention. Drop hints and let your punters draw their own conclusions. It's much more convincing that way.

- Offer something for nothing, if possible. Or seem to. Some punters will be sceptical, and there's no better way to allay their suspicions than give something away, even if it's a few worthless shares or the promise of a dealership when the business takes off.

- Be dishonest. If you can sucker your investors into sinking their money into a scheme you've mentioned is ever-so-slightly dodgy, they're not so likely to go to the police when you hightail it, with the cash.

Billie Sol Estes: Number one con



HOW TO FAKE... Inventions

Buying into the public's need and greed can be one of the easiest ways of pulling a fast buck. And you need declare nothing but your genius

PROBLEM: YOU NEED money, fast. You're clever, personable and have talked your way out of more tight corners than Paula Yates has weirdly-named daughters. But you haven't actually got anything to sell. **Solution:** you dream up a product everyone wants, and flog it to greedy investors for big bucks.

The beauty of the scam is that you don't need to spend years tinkering in a lab to get the cash. You just have to persuade people with more money than sense that you have.

Any invention will do, so long as it's obviously useful. In last year's woeful 'comedy' *Shooting Fish*, the heroes sold voice-recognition computers that were operated by someone hidden in the cellar. The Texan Billie Sol Estes – arguably the world's leading living con-man – made an estimated \$150 million hawking non-existent liquid fertiliser tanks to cattle ranchers.

Many con men tout money-mak-

ing machines which make authentic-looking bills when loaded with copy paper. Of course, the cash is real – it's ordinary notes concealed in a special compartment. But the mark only discovers the trick after he's shelled out a few grand. Other scammers claim they have a stash of genuine banknotes that have been covered with black ink as a sort of security device. Then the con-men will sell the special chemicals needed to remove the ink, together with a suitcase full of blackened notes (black paper).

Amazingly, many of the most successful frauds are based on two centuries-old scams. Tricksters are still selling the rights

to perpetual motion machines and persuading them they can turn lead into gold.

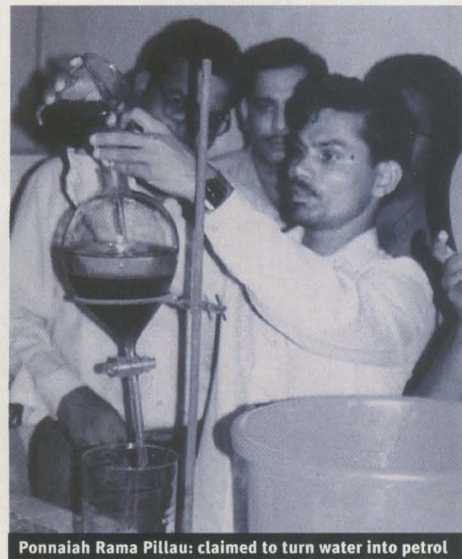
One modern 'perpetual motion' device was touted by an American company, the Solar Reactor Corps, around 1979. The company claimed to have invented an energy-producing machine which exposed a combination of hydrogen, chlorine and oxygen to artificial light. The reaction was supposed to produce a gas containing five times more energy than the original elements.

The beauty of the scam lay in its oh-so-convincing details. Solar Reactor told potential investors it needed \$5m to turn its prototype into an industrial-sized model and that the machine used artificial light because the process was so powerful the inventor was still too scared to try actual sunlight.

Less plausible but more successful is the water-into-petrol scam. Only a couple of years ago, a cunning Sri Lankan called Ponnaiah Ramar Pillau was caught using just this technique to fool scientists at the Indian Department of Science and Technology.

But the easiest way to pull this off is to tip a 'secret catalysing powder' into a bucket of water, give the mixture a stir, then skim off some liquid to demonstrate it can be used to run a motor. In reality, you stir with a hollow spoon filled with petrol.

BIZARRE's favourite fraudster is Welshman Thomas Munson, who claimed to have invented a fuel costing just 4p a gallon. His secret powder was called 'Tracanath', but after Munson escaped from the room his suspicious investors had locked him in, a sample of this was found to be '95.3% distilled water, benzene, methanol, iodine crystal, ignitable oil borax and Fairy liquid.' The canny Munson is still 'missing'.



Ponnaiah Rama Pillau: claimed to turn water into petrol

Amazingly, many successful
scams are centuries-old

BIZARRE STORIES

Here comes the blide



Chapel of cash

In Japan the only qualification you need to be a vicar is being Western. MARK HARRIS dons the cloth

MASAKO WANTS A white wedding. "A white wedding dress is romantic and pretty. You feel like a princess for a day." It's a classic case of what Japan knows as *Shinderera Kon* (Cinderella Complex); the dream of having a fairytale wedding at a chapel, preferably with a Western priest.

And today I am that priest. When Masako asked me to perform the wedding I told her that I was not religious. "Neither is anyone else, but you will look better on the photos than the American priest the chapel offered us," she reasoned.

Desperately seeking God, I enter the cloth. Wearing a Batman cloak, I look up at the *hanamukosan* (flower-groom) through borrowed spectacles, hands on the altar, holy as you like. Above, on the ceiling of the gaudy and strangely named Garden Chapel Soleil, stained-glass windows set the fairytale scene as white doves fly over far-away castles and cascades fall into fertile valleys.

"...to love and to cherish from this day forth?" I wait nervously for the groom's confirmation in English: "I do." Nobody at the chapel ceremony, including myself, is Christian; they're all a Buddhist-Shinto-materialist mix. And nobody speaks English.

In the land where the wrapping is as important as the gift, Japan's long history of adapting imported ideas means that borrowing the Christian ceremony for the purpose of dressing up a non-Christian marriage is not a problem. Style glosses over religion.

In fact, God's significance has diminished to the point that Westerners with no credentials apart from being Westerners can stand in as priests. And it's lucrative: fake Western priests can earn around £600 a day for performing four or five weddings.

'Christian' wedding ceremonies account for around 40 per cent of marriages in Japan. Considered romantic, these shows provide an alternative to traditional Japanese Shinto weddings – strict family affairs with no smiles, no kisses and according to most young women, "no style". The bride is harnessed into a heavy kimono, topped with a wig weighing in at around 2 kg and on top of that a *tsunokakushi* – a white hat

which is supposed to hide women's 'jealousy-horns'. What's more, the thick, stylised cosmetics mean that the bride is dolled-up to the point of losing her own identity.

Planning the wedding is the bride's realm. So having a chapel wedding will focus everyone's attention onto the *hanayome-san* – the flower-bride.

"I now pronounce you husband and wife." Feeling pretty reverent by now, I instruct groom Kenichi to kiss Masako. All the watery-eyes in the chapel gaze at the flower-bride.

The choir sings 'Memories' from between huge bunches of fake flowers as we go down the aisle for the confetti shower. Outside, two inflatable doves float in the sky.

Japanese weddings are extravaganzas that can cost

between £20,000 and £30,000.

Guests are each expected to fork around £150. 'Wedding factories' like Chapel Garden Soleil are popular because they efficiently herd families from the chapel through the state of the art photo-studio and on to the all-important reception extravaganza.

Borrowing the worst schmaltz of Hollywood, the reception is like a cabaret starring the newly-weds. The lights drop and a synthesizer plays Abba's 'Dancing Queen'. A single spot falls on the happy couple as they head for the stage. They are flanked by a smoking plastic wedding cake – a Japanese take on the Las Vegas genre of rocket-cake.

Masako is arrayed in three different rented colour-combos during the revelries; from bridal gown to evening wear to a pink Copacabana dress for the honeymoon. Meanwhile, the sophisticated sounds of Kylie and Jason herald emissions of dry ice from the champagne-glass tower.

In a mix of traditional and modern, family guests wearing kimonos bearing ancestral crests sit with the *mo-ga* (modern girls) immaculate in Versace suits and 'Menori' eyelid glue, which sticks the upper eyelid onto the skin below the eyebrow, giving the impression of wider, more Western eyes.

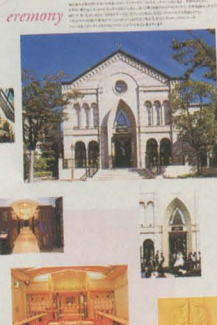
Like Rikki Lake with the volume up, the MC interviews everyone as they eat: "Flower bride, what dish can you cook best for the groom?" "Instant noodles," Masako smiles. Princess for the day, the kitchen can wait.



Our fake man of the cloth delivers the nuptials



You'd cry if you had to wear this



Honeymoon in Vegas. Or as near as damn it

The couple are flanked by a smoking plastic wedding cake

GARGOYLES
S U N G L A S S E S

Impact resistant



GARGOYLES
PERFORMANCE EYEWEAR

BIZARRE STORIES

Death on screen



Lights! Cameras! Annihilation!

The real-death horrors of snuff movies are getting competition - from mainstream broadcasters

SNUFF FILMS: two words guaranteed to start the popular press ranting. Among the more broad-minded members of society there's been a lot of discussion over the years about the existence of genuine snuff films. The answer depends on what you define as 'snuff'. It's generally accepted that there are no cases of anyone being mutilated and killed purely for the camera, but there are definitely cases where people have died on film.

Snuff the film entered the public consciousness in 1976, when it started showing in New York. Almost immediately it attracted protests from feminists and others, who continued to mention the film in various publications long after it should have sunk into obscurity. Although it paraded itself as 'The bloodiest thing that ever happened in front of a camera!', it was actually a re-cut version of *Slaughter*, a 1971 cheapie about the

Manson family, with a new ending in which the movie's director screws, then mutilates and kills his assistant. It's not done well, and the *New York Times* sussed as much. Subsequent movies trying to cash in on the minor wave of interest in extreme violence and death included *Emanuelle in America* (1976), *Last House on Dead End Street* (1977) and *Cannibal Holocaust* (1980). Despite their claims, none of them portrayed actual death.

Does that mean there is no genuine death on film? Actually there's a lot. Ever since 1928, when a reporter from the *New York Daily News* photographed the electrocution of murderer Ruth Snyder using a hidden camera attached to his leg, death on film has held a morbid fascination for the public. The most violent and explicit

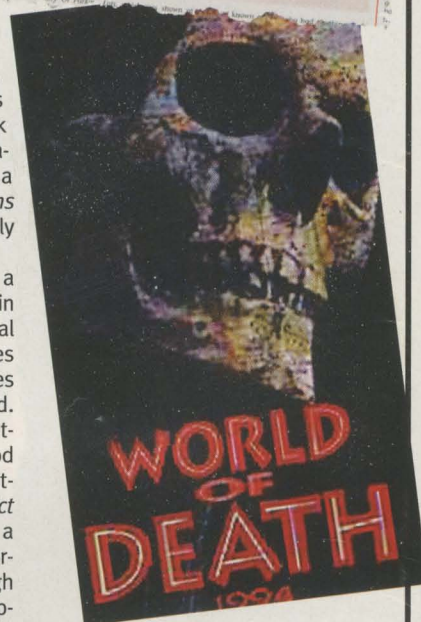
moments are difficult to find but they are out there. Some can be hired at your local video store, and a few crop up from time to time on TV. The famous Zapruder film of the assassination of John F. Kennedy may have been filmed accidentally, and it's too grainy to give gore-fans the snuff-kick they may be after, but it's still death on film. Likewise the shooting of Lee Harvey Oswald by Jack Ruby, and the shooting of a suspected Viet Cong by General Loan.

Such material has been collected on videos, sold mostly in the USA and Japan, with titles like *Faces of Death* or *Death Scenes*. These picked up the mantle of the mondo films from the 1960s and 1970s, which had included their share of corpses but few actual deaths. Although *Faces of Death* includes some faked scenes and a lot of stock footage, it and its sequels and imitators have been popular. In Britain, a video documentary called *Executions* was released in 1995. It was exactly what it said on the box.

Videos like *Faces of Death* have a small, cult audience, but death sells in other mediums as well. The industrial band SPK's video 'Despair' includes shots of autopsies, foetal deformities and corpses being manipulated. (Graeme Revell, SPK's former frontman, is now composing Hollywood soundtracks). In the world of art-movies, Stan Brakhage's film *The Act of Seeing With One's Own Eyes* is a filmed autopsy. Not actual death, perhaps, but still very grisly. And although it's still controversial, death is creeping into mainstream broadcasting: major UK TV channels have shown terminally ill patients taking overdoses and dying peacefully.

But more violent and more gruesome deaths have been shown on television. The most infamous was R. Budd Dwyer, the State Treasurer of Pennsylvania. In late 1986 Dwyer was convicted of taking a \$300,000 bribe. On 22 January 1987, the day before he was due to be sentenced, he gave a televised press conference, where he spent half an hour protesting his innocence. Then he pulled a .357 Magnum from an envelope, thrust it into his mouth and pulled the trigger, splattering his brains across the wall behind him. Less than an hour later two TV stations had broadcast the unedited footage. It still circulates on video-tapes, some of them sold commercially.

Dwyer wasn't the first televised suicide. On the morning show of 15 July 1974, Chris Chubbuck, a news-anchor at Florida TV station WXLTV, announced, "In keeping with Channel 40's policy of bringing you the latest in blood and guts, and in living colour, you are going to see another first:



attempted suicide," and fired a pistol at her head. The show went out live. Chubbuck died 14 hours later.

There have been other, more recent deaths catalogued on camera, many of them broadcast at least once, although probably by accident. At least, that's what the TV stations claim. However, it's hard to see how the latest case of on-camera death was broadcast by mistake. On the afternoon of 30 April this year, American TV programmes were interrupted to show a car chase. A truck was pursued down a Los Angeles highway by police cars and news helicopters. As the cameras watched, the vehicle stopped and burst into flames. A man staggered out, unfurled a banner onto the road, then produced a shotgun and blew his head off.

Not only was this broadcast on live TV, but children's cartoons had been interrupted to show it. The networks later apologised to their viewers for any distress they'd caused, but when true-crime documentaries and news footage of global conflict in Iraq and Bosnia are all good for ratings, it's not surprising that this kind of footage is somehow 'slipping through the net' with increasing frequency.



Going out with a bang: R. Budd Dwyer's very public suicide was shown on US television

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See reverse for your essential FOOTBALL CLICHE GENERATOR

*** PLAYER PROFILE**
Name: Andreas Herzog
Team: Austria Age: 29

KNOW YOUR NICKNAMES
Morocco: The Lions
Cameroun: Lion Hearts
Nigeria: The Eagles

Of the ten countries who started the qualifying rounds whose name began with an 'A', all except Azerbaijan ended with an 'A' as well.

Interestingly, Paraguay have scored an average of 58.75 goals per game in their previous World Cup final appearances, whilst conceding 2.272 goals per game.

Despite being only 17 Cameron's Salomon Otembe will probably only outlive the 36 year old Austrian veteran Thomas Fogel by 1 year for the average life expectancy in Cameroon is only 56, compared to 74 in Austria.

Mr Estandar Bahamast of USA is the World Cup referee with the longest name, at 18 letters!

The total odds of all 32 teams winning the World Cup are an incredible 2.957 to 1! But it's unlikely to happen. Because in all the 15 previous World Cup finals, only one team has won.

'Q' is the only letter which failed to make it to this year's finals. It's hopes rested with Ivica Mazanek and Otar, all of whom letter 'X's in the names of the 32 teams who have made it to the final stages. Of the finalists only Belgium, Chile, Mexico and Morocco got to France without an 'X' in their name.

England's Rob Lee (right) almost shares his birthday with Only Fools and Horses actor David Jason. Rob's birthday is February 1st, David's is February 2nd!

At an incredible 5.04% Nigeria's is the highest birth rate of any competing nation. They also have the highest death rate - 1.71%.

Of all the competing countries Holland has the highest ratio of telephones per mile of railway line, with an incredible 5.274! Cameroon comes bottom with a mere 30!

Ruby's entire population of 57,265,000 will crowd round the nation's 15 million TVs to watch their opening group B game...

Quite surprisingly actually the model crowd capacity of the 10 stadiums is just 35,200.

versus Chile on June 11th. That's a remarkable average of 3.8 viewers per television set.

MANAGER under the MICROSCOPE
Name: Cha Bum Kun
Team: South Korea
Fact: is a former player

FREE World Cup 98 CYBERMOT
Worthless football gimmick

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Issue 90

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Team: South Korea
Fact: is a former player

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edition of



On sale now - in the shops

Since leaving pioneering post-punk bands Magazine and Nick Cave and the Bad Seeds, he's forged a singular career as the architect of cinematic groove and dark soundtracks. HARRY ANGEL gets to the heart of...

Barry Adamson

When you were a kid did you really have a two-way radio hidden in the sole of your shoe?

No, but I did have a 'Secret Sam' which was a briefcase which contained a camera, a rifle that assembled and a telescope. I did actually fantasise myself as being Adam Adamson for a while, as opposed to Adam Adamant and the same with *The Man From UNCLE*. I actually had the whole kit with the triangle badge to get through the door and, you know, I had to wait for somebody to just open the door so I could brush past them... This sort of fantasy world of television became very important to me.

What was the moment when you first knew that your destiny was in making music?

Watching *Thunderball* aged seven, and hearing John Barry's score for the underwater scenes. Hearing 'It's Now Or Never' by Elvis on the radio, which became a bit of an anthem, along with The Beach Boys' 'Good Vibrations' and a song called 'Young Gifted And Black (Is Where It's At)'. At about the time of the punk explosion I heard a couple of records that really did something and I went to seek them out, particularly The Buzzcocks' *Spiral Scratch* and The Damned's 'New Rose'. When I left school I went to technical college to study Graphic Design and Art, which didn't last very long once the punk explosion came along.

Legend has it that before joining Magazine you taught yourself to play bass overnight. How did you do it?

I met an old school friend who gave me a bass guitar with two strings on it. I went to buy the other two strings and found an advert saying that Howard Devoto – who had been in the Buzzcocks – was forming a new group. I bought the strings, stayed up all night practising on the head of the bed, the wooden head of the bed, because I had no amplifier; and then I went round the next day and got the job. And started to learn.

When you were with the Bad Seeds they looked like the scariest band on earth. But were they?

Yes. After Magazine folded I ran into somebody who was a friend of Nick Cave's and they played me some of their records, and it was almost like to me an extension of Magazine, in terms of a coin that was about to be flipped over completely. There was a whole other area of music there that I hadn't even explored. I think really Howard Devoto, Nick Cave and Iggy Pop were more influential to me than I realised.

The fact that they were discussing their own malaise as it were, or their difficulty, or their feeling of alienation in the world, I guess, it feels like the baton got passed on to me. I think I was recognising myself in the music while being in those groups.

You recently worked with David Lynch on the soundtrack for *Lost Highway*. How did this come about and what was he like to work with?

He called my house, introduced himself and it was strange – I immediately said "Hey Lynchy, what's up cuz?" He said "Got a script for ya baby." I said "Cool enough David."

That movie made great sense to me. It made me feel very privileged to work in the same terrain. There was very much a connection there, I think. What I was trying to get at in my record *Moss Side Story* was what he was doing in that movie.

Oliver Stone also used a lot of your album *Soul Murder* in *Natural Born Killers*. Did you approve of his use of your work?

It's a bonus. I made the record to say, "There's my shit, consider me for a score," and then they went and used the record itself!

On your new album *As Above So Below*, you appear to write your own death scene in the last two tracks 'The Goddess Of Love' and 'Jesus Wept'...

It's my double that gets popped. The 'welcome' stuff at the end is HQ bringing me in.

What were your circumstances when you first started to make the record?

I went into hospital a couple of years ago to have a total hip replacement, which was very much a surprise to me – I was very much like, "I'm such a young person to have this done!" And when I got through the operation, they told me there were complications. I woke up at one point and I was in a recovery bay for 17 hours. After a couple of days, I began to think about reincarnation, which I had never really thought about before, and I started to write the track 'Jazz Devil'. In which a character gets to a crossroads and he doesn't know whether he's going to go this way or that, and in fact, by his nature, he's not going to go any place. He comes back in human form all the time as the Jazz Devil and I think that experience was possibly the springboard for that idea.

I still vividly remember waking up and thinking, "What's going on?"

The tracks 'Still I Rise' and 'The Monkey Speaks His Mind' sound like the music of the devil himself...

Yes, disguised as the overcomer of the fear of the darkness that dwells within the revolutionists, while really driving them towards more fear than they could ever possibly imagine.

Why are you drawn to such a dark aesthetic in your work?

I'm very much attracted to the idea of darkness in the human spirit. I think a lot of my music is getting to grips with a tradition that's in film noir, and I love the idea of mystery and suspense, the anticipation of what's coming around the corner. That can be a universal theme, you know.

Who is the 'Jazz Devil'?

Who do you think?

Barry Adamson's new album *As Above So Below* is out now on Mute. He also plays live at the London Emporium from 7-9 June. 





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email sales@baldwins.co.uk



TESTED BY: Alison Poole, editorial assistant

ALCOHOL

CONSUMED: Six glasses of white wine, 19 shots of vodka.

THE HYPE: These Morning-After oils return the body to its pre-alcoholic state.

DIRECTIONS: Mix 5 drops fennel, 3 drops lavender, 5 drops sandalwood and 10 drops lemon oil. Use

eight drops in a bath, rub two neat drops around your liver area, and two neat drops on the back of the neck. Drink water and honey, and eat a spoonful of honey into which 2 drops of carrot oil have been blended.

NEXT DAY: "I woke up feeling like a raisin. After my bath I felt still half-cut but smelling good. But I had to resort to the Lucozade and greasy spoon option later."



BOOTS OWN-BRAND HANGOVER CURES

From all branches of Boots



TESTED BY: Kate, enlightened being

ALCOHOL

CONSUMED: Half a bottle of tequila, and one bottle of white wine.

THE HYPE: A mix and match of over-the-counter preparations are as good as any special mixes.

DIRECTIONS: When you get in off the piss, have 1000mg of effervescent Vitamin C. Repeat the dose in

the morning, plus one teaspoon of Sparkling Health Salts in a glass of water, and a sachet of Oral Rehydration Treatment.

NEXT DAY: "Sod all. Effervescent orange tablets and pissy bicarbonate of soda sachets are no match for serious drinking."



RESOLVE

SmithKline Beecham, from all good chemists



TESTED BY: Sarah M, student

ALCOHOL

CONSUMED: Two bottles of red wine, six shots of vodka and one shot of tequila.

THE HYPE: One of the few products actually marketed for the morning after. "Now and again we all eat a little too much, drink a bit unwisely..." With paracetamol,

antacid, glucose and Vitamin C.

DIRECTIONS: Dissolve in water and drink in the morning when you feel like shit.

NEXT DAY: "Felt horrific, aching all over, knackered! Within 10 minutes of taking it I was ravenously hungry which was good. But it tastes like wee."



NELSON & RUSSELL AROMATHERAPY CURES

From leading pharmacists and health food stores

TESTED BY: Sarah Jay, film student

ALCOHOL CONSUMED: Three shots of vodka, five vodka and oranges, two bottles of wine and two shots of tequila.

THE HYPE: Natural purity will overcome the effects of alcohol with extracts to sooth and relax. All you need to do is just add water.

DIRECTIONS: Pour into bath, slide in, try not to pass out and drown.



Photography by Tara Fisher and Kathy Poole

OLIVE & WHITE CHESTNUT BACH FLOWER REMEDIES

From leading pharmacists and health food stores

THE HYPE: Olive helps when you're suffering from lack

of energy, and White Chestnut will mentally enliven you and hopefully banish the hideous nagging worry of wondering what you did and said while you were uncontrollably hammered.

DIRECTIONS: Mix two drops of each in a glass of water and sip at intervals.



Is there any real cure for the morning after the night before? In the name of scientific research we got utterly arseholed, and attempted to find out

Hangover cures

NUX VOM

From Nelsons Classical series, from all good chemists and health food stores

THE HYPE: The natural remedy to take when you are suffering from the after effects from over-indulgence in alcohol or food.

DIRECTIONS: Take two tablets every hour for six hours and then repeat three times daily until you feel better. Tablets can be chewed or sucked. Assuming you can remember all this info.

NEXT DAY: "In the morning I didn't feel quite as dodgy as I could've, but I was more than a bit worse for wear so I tried all three. There's nothing like waking up to an aromatherapy massage.

"The Bach Flower Remedies taste funny – but I actually think they worked. The only thing I wasn't quite sure about was the Nux Vom tablets, which didn't have much effect."

Massage Oils

Bach Flower Remedies

Nux Vom

ALKA-SELTZER XS

From all good chemists

TESTED BY: Jamie, organic farmer

ALCOHOL CONSUMED: Three bottles of lager, seven red wines, half a bottle of vodka on the rocks.

THE HYPE:

"Containing aspirin and paracetamol to help attack the thumping headache and caffeine to help stimulate your body."

DIRECTIONS: Take two tablets dissolved in water next morning.

NEXT DAY: "Felt rough. Après Alka-Seltzer XS I felt much the same."



BEROCCA

From all good chemists and health food shops

TESTED BY: Alan James, soldier

ALCOHOL

CONSUMED: Five pints of strong lager, eight white wines and six vodka and oranges.

THE HYPE: "Berocca is a daily supplement essential to ensure appropriate stores of energy are available to deal with your demanding lifestyle."

DIRECTIONS: Take one tablet dissolved in a glass of water, on the day of repentance.

NEXT DAY: "When I woke, felt totally shattered. Took some Berocca and as if by magic I was cured."



SOB'R-K

Sob'r-K, Hangover Cure, PO Box 6425, St Paul, MN 55106, USA. Tel 001 888 774 2760 ext 700.

TESTED BY: Mike Leek, shop assistant

ALCOHOL

CONSUMED: Four red wines, two rum and grapefruits, four tequilas "and that's all I can remember!"

THE HYPE: "Invented in 1986, Sob'r-K is a pill made from a patented all-natural type of activated carbon." The idea is that it filters the impurities out of the alcohol.

Directions: Take two pills prior to drinking, two pills each hour (based on the idea that you drink one drink an hour, which might not necessarily correspond to the habits of BIZARRE drinkers) and two more before bed.

NEXT DAY: "Minor memory loss, huge headache and a mouth as dry as a camel's arse – headache lasted until 7pm. Sob'r-K may well have prevented an even worse hangover. I'm not convinced it was designed for such a mammoth intake of booze."



BLOODY MARY

TESTED BY: Angela Carson, designer

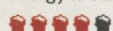
ALCOHOL

CONSUMED: Three glasses of red wine, six rum and grapefruit juices and nine tequilas and grapefruit juices.

THE HYPE: The hair of the dog that bit you reactivates the booze in your system and makes you feel good again.

DIRECTIONS: Mix a dash of lemon juice, celery salt, black pepper, Tabasco sauce, Worcestershire sauce and tomato ketchup with one part vodka to three parts tomato juice. Drink slowly a few minutes after you've crawled back to consciousness.

NEXT DAY: "I had the Bloody Mary and it was gorgeous, I want another! At the moment I feel a bit heady, but the energy is starting to kick in."



THE LADY IS A VAMP

W

I'M THE BIG TITS, big bottom, tiny waist, 'I'm going to eat you aliiiiive,' kind of girl and I enjoy it." Eileen

Daly grins across at me, her crimson lips curling wickedly, fully aware of the effect her flashing-eyed presence is having. Even in her civvies she looks dangerous. Small but arresting, like a deadly china doll, her waist unbelievably thin as she strides across the studio, seemingly unaware of the way every man in the room has stopped moving and is gawping at the way her perky breasts bounce as she walks.

But Eileen is no airhead Barbie wannabe. "I loved *The Munsters* and *The Addams Family* when I was growing up. I thought Morticia was wonderful. I could identify with her because I had pale skin, high cheekbones and dark hair. I really loved horror as a kid. I was into being scared. It was very glamorous; the girls had really big chests, and they were all floating around in lovely negligees. In the Hammer films, the women were glam, voluptuous and well worth taking blood from..." Looking at Eileen when she unself-consciously shucks off her clothing to slither into her trademark rubber catsuit, we get an eyeful of quite how far the influence went.

Completely unphased by the obvious interest in her tits, she cheerfully talks about why she wanted to give herself the super-

heroine physique that earned her a part in the low budget sex romp *Pervirella* after she became famous among weird film buffs as the Redemption girl, kitted out in rubber balaclavas with feather head-dresses, crawling around in 9 inch heels on the covers and publicity material for the video label.

"Bloody 'ell." Eileen flashes a lop-sided smile as one of her custom-made fangs shoots out and clatters to the floor. She sways on unbelievable heels. Everyone tears their gaze away from the rubber-covered curves of her frontage and starts looking for it, while she laughs sassily.

When our photographer has finished she sits back, running her fingers over one of the replica guns her character uses in *Razor Blade Smile*, her dark eyes twinkling...

Oh yes, questions. I'm supposed to be asking questions.

Let it bleed:
Eileen in full goth-sucking action mode, during *Razor Blade Smile*



She's the modern vampire personified: Eileen Daly, star of *Razor Blade Smile* and the host of *Redemption Classics* is all sharp teeth and black rubber. We sent our resident Van Helsing MAX DÉCHARNÉ to investigate

I HEAR YOU were offered a role by Jean Rollin, the legendary French vampire film director of the 1960s and 1970s

Yes, I met him in Paris, but the film never got made. He must be about 70 and he's not well. I don't know if he'll ever do any filming again.

*So instead you recently got the chance to star in the first British vampire film for decades, *Razor Blade Smile*...*

Not that recently... we shot it in November and early December of 1996, about six weeks altogether. It was filmed where the parents of Jake West, the director, lived at the time. It was a really beautiful place, but we had to shoot quickly because they were moving house and they'd already got the buyer, so we couldn't exactly ask to come back and do retakes.

It looks like summer in the film, but it isn't. The conditions were more antarctic than that. I'd start to sweat in the rubber catsuit, and my sweat would go cold and be swishing around underneath, with the air outside freezing – it was really disgusting.

It reminded me of Japanese animated films... loads of fast and furious action, loads of gun-toting women...

Yeah, it's a comic book come to life, cartoon characters made flesh. But you couldn't ►



live that way. It'd be far too much like hard work getting up and putting on that rubber catsuit and the boots every day.

The catsuit reminded me of The Avengers.

Yeah, it has got a touch of that, it's very 1960s influenced. The film's a love story, but it's got crime and horror and a kind of female James Bond side to it too. It'll put a smile on your face. My character is a real babe. She's sensitive, she's got a sense of humour, but the years have turned her hard.

She's a vampire who has become a hit woman and feeds off the targets that she's been hired to kill. They're not particularly nice people to start with – she's not stalking the streets looking for innocent victims. It's like the being in the Mafia: you don't kill civilians, only your own kind.

Rave from the grave: Eileen emerges from her kitchen (right) and prepares to blow you away (below)

But your character picks up a goth woman who's obsessed with vampires and winds up killing her!

Well... she thinks she knows more about vampires than I do, and that's the irony, because she doesn't know what she's really dealing with. I give her a bittersweet ending, pain and pleasure, but I don't give her eternal life because I don't like her that much. She's not a contract killing, I'm just having a little bit of fun.

Has technology for making vampire flicks improved since the old days of Hammer films? Ingrid Pitt used to complain that her fangs kept falling out...

No, the opposite; mine can be a bitch to remove. But contact lenses are dreadful. I wore white ones for Bravo when I played the



Redemption icon, the woman who introduced all their horror films, and my eyes streamed. I had to have an optician on the set at the time because you can damage your retinas really easily. We did loads of photo and video sessions and I got to do all sorts of weird stuff. In one sequence I've got a girl up on this altar and I fondle her and I bite her, then all of a sudden I kill her. There's nuns, witches, hillbillies, Nazis – you name it, I've had all sorts up on my altar.

What's it like doing signings? Do people have strange ideas about you? After all you're most famous for drinking blood, wearing rubber and running around waving guns in pervy vampire films...

A lot of them like having pictures done with

"I... am... Dracula"

Children of the night, gather round: our surefire Van Helsing test will sort the real suckers from the goths

Do you have a strong lust reaction and start to salivate at the sight of blood?
Were you personal friends with Lief Erickson, Napoleon, or Genghis Khan?
Does garlic bother you in any way?
Do you wear Factor 5 million sun-block?
Were you born over 120 years ago?
Do you find horror films amusing?
Do horror films make you hungry?
Can you fly?
Is your bedroom small and really dark?
Does the sight of a holy man with a religious symbol turn you off?
In a choice between dying or becoming undead, would you rather be undead?
Is your favorite colour red?
Do you giggle at funerals?
Do you dislike maniacs chasing you with wooden stakes?
Are you a pain in the neck?
Do you like to sit in the front row around a boxing ring?
Does it piss you off when the humans always win in vampire movies?

YOU WOULDN'T WANT TO MAKE LOVE TO A VAMPIRE, BECAUSE YOU KNOW YOU WOULDN'T SURVIVE

me. I think they're attracted more to the glamour than the horror side of things – they see the hair, boobs and smile. It's mostly boys but some of the girls are really into it too. It's kind of a problem getting typecast when you look like me. But I've got other things lined up. I'm going to be playing Mellors' wife in a new version of *Lady Chatterley's Lover* for Sky

You're associated with a line of kinky films and a vampire film... everyone must assume your sex life's really weird – but is that you, or is dressing up in rubber just part of the job?
It's just a job – I've never even gone to a fetish club or a fetish shop in my life, but people always assume I must be into that. I mean, I've just played Lady Anne in *Richard III*, but I'm not walking around in a monk's cowl or anything like that!

But you must enjoy doing the vampy roles?
Yes, I really do. They're camp, they're vampy, and the people that I work with appreciate what I do. I do seem to have a knack for those roles. It's quite tongue-in-cheek, doesn't take itself too seriously. It's not proper horror, but it is kinda sexy. And I think women can appreciate that as well as men, because the roles I play don't objectify you as a dumb sex symbol, they show women as being strong, intelligent and dominant. I like the fact it has that angle to it. With low-budget films like the ones I've made, special effects don't take over. It's not Francis Ford Coppola's *Bram Stoker's Dracula*. But, come to think of it, that was totally boring.

So, do you find the idea of vampires in any way erotic yourself?

I don't know. They're mystical, untouchable; that's why people like them. But erotic? Quite frankly, I find them scary. I mean, if I was in a room with one of them – like the one in *Salem's Lot* – then fuck off! I wouldn't find that at all attractive; I'd be terrified. And you wouldn't want to make love to a vampire, because you know you wouldn't survive. I suppose people do get attracted to the idea of danger, and that's what makes vampires erotic – it would be you versus them. Could you outwit this creature that's so much stronger, more intelligent and has been around longer than you? Also, they have this animalistic, predatory instinct which you haven't developed from hanging around the Kings Road. So I wouldn't like to mess about with one.

Have you ever really drunk blood?

Oh come on! No – and is that at all surprising? Champagne with creme de cassis in it, maybe. Blood – no.



5 sexiest lesbian vampires

1. Catherine Deneuve in *The Hunger* (1983)



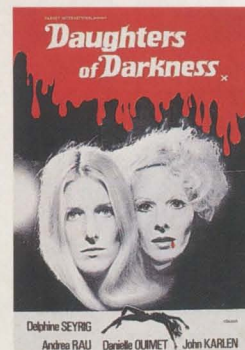
Phew! Stately Euro sexpot Catherine Deneuve seduces Susan Sarandon, neither of them afraid to shed their kit "if the role calls for it". David Bowie is useless as Deneuve's brother. Director Tony Scott's first film, and full of his trademark flashy lighting effects. Tony and brother Ridley have recently turned *The Hunger*

into a dismal cable television series.

2. Celeste Yarnall in *The Velvet Vampire* (1971)

Early feminist lesbian vamp pic, one of the few horror movies written and directed by a woman (Stephanie Rothman.) The gloriously named Celeste Yarnall plays a vamp who cops off with a fashionable Californian couple. Includes a great scene when Yarnall sucks snake poison out of hapless Sherry Miles' leg. Full of early 1970s fashion disasters.

2. Delphine Seyrig in *Daughters of Darkness* (1971)



Jean Rollin was big in Belgium for some reason, and his surreal vampire pics inspired this oddball masterpiece from Belgian Director Harry Kuemel. Art movie queen Delphine Seyrig plays yet another lusty vamp, accompanied by her equally glam 'companion' Andrea Rau. Seyrig wears slinky little numbers, bright red lipstick and smokes fags with a holder – all tell-tale

signs of undead dykieness. The movie was art directed by 1960s chanteuse Francoise Hardy!

4. Rosalba Neri in *Countess Dracula aka Full Moon of the Virgins* (1973)

Hammer's *Countess Dracula* (1970) gave rise to two Euro knock-offs - Jorge Grau's Spanish effort *Ceremonia Sangrienta* (1972) and this far raunchier Italian version. Neri (credited as 'Sara Bay') plays the Countess de Vries, a seductive vampire who likes nothing better than a quickie in her coffin. Neri is supremely wooden but bares all for her art in virtually every scene.

5. Vampirella in numerous comic books.



Goth babe Vampirella wears a sprayed on red swimming costume which just about covers her ginormous breasts, and seduces men, women and household pets in order to get her fangs on their blood. First published by Warren comics in the early 1970s, *Vampirella* was revived in the 1990s as part of the whole "bad girl" craze.



script by ROGER VADIM and ROGER VAILLANT - Produced by RAYMOND EGGER - A Paramount Release



Girls on top: Yutte Stensgaard in *Lust for a Vampire* (top right); *Vampyres* who lunch (below); Ingrid Pitt and Kate O'Mara join the cast of *The Vampire Killers* (below left) and Barbara Steele gets satanic in *Curse of the Crimson Altar* (below right)

Interview with the **vampiress**

Lesbian vampire movies occupy a fascinating cinematic sub-genre that has been raising the stakes for 30 years. MAX DÉCHARNÉ investigates

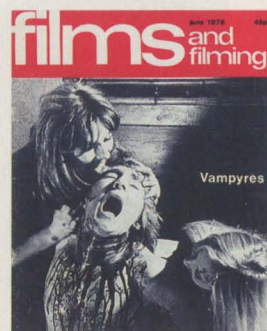
ONCE UPON A time, vampires were scary blokes like Bela Lugosi, about as sexy as the corpse of Harold Macmillan. It took time for cinema to realise how erotic the image of a mysterious stranger who slips into your home to drink your blood could be. Then, in 1958, Christopher Lee's suave and dangerous Count swept onto screen in Hammer's vastly influential *Dracula* and changed the landscape forever. Sex and the vampire became synonymous. And if male vampires could be saucy, then female ones had the potential to be red hot. Bad lady vampires could tap into forbidden territory: the lesbian vampire film was born.

First out of the gate was France's Roger Vadim. In 1960 he produced an adaptation of Sheridan Le Fanu's 1872 vampire tale *Carmilla* under the title *Blood and Roses*, although the lesbian overtones had to be downplayed due to the censorship restrictions of the time. Piero Regnoli's *The Playgirls* and *The Vampire* pursued a similar theme that same year.

In England, Hammer were making the haunting *Brides of Dracula*, which numbered among its vampires one Andrée Melly, sister of George. At this point the women with the sharp teeth were still playing second fiddle to some undead lord. But as the 1960s progressed, censorship loosened up enough to give the great scream queens something to get their teeth into.

The real hero of female sex-vampire films is the French director Jean Rollin, whose

first feature *Le Viol du Vampire* (the *Rape of the Vampire*) caused a sensation at the time of the 1968 Paris riots. In this and subsequent films, he used the same deceptively simple formula. Finding a suitable location, usually a crumbling chateau, he would film a selection of semi-professional actors and friends in a dreamlike fashion. Their risqué nudity inspired Hammer's move into out-right lesbian vampire films, with 1970's *The Vampire Lovers*, which introduced Ingrid Pitt. Her first day on set was spent watching Peter Cushing decapitating a surprisingly lifelike effigy of herself. Ingrid's fangs were prone to falling out at crucial moments, and she once had to fish them out from Kate O'Mara's cleavage.



Ingrid returned that same year as *Countess Dracula*, an account of the life of Elizabeth Bathory, the medieval noblewoman whose recipe for youthful looks involved bathing in virgins' blood. The definitive version of this tale appeared in 1974 as part of Walerian Borowczyk's *Immoral Tales*, where the countess is portrayed by Paloma Picasso, and large groups of virgins spend their time washing each other in glorious technicolour before meeting their fate as a 15th-century substitute for Oil of Ulay.

The success of *The Vampire Lovers* prompted an immediate sequel in the shape of *Lust for a Vampire*, featuring the lovely Yutte Stensgaard, fresh from a stint working on Bob Monkhouse's *The Golden Shot*. But the third and best entry in Hammer's series was 1971's *Twins of Evil*, starring *Playboy*'s first twin centrefolds, Mary and Madelaine Collinson.

On the continent, Jess Franco was making *Vampyros Lesbos*, while equally memorable was Harry Kumel's *Daughters of Darkness*, set in an old hotel in Ostend. Spooky houses also played a significant part in Paul Morrissey's Warhol-sponsored *Blood for Dracula* and in José Larraz's remarkable *Vampyres*.

By the end of the 1970s, conceptions had changed. Lesbians stopped being seductive women with beehives and became hairy-legged activists. With the dawn of hardcore sex flicks, audiences didn't need the excuse that they were seeing a horror film to enjoy the sight of nubile young things running around in their nighties.

Yutte Stensgaard and, Ingrid Pitt will be back at The Hammer Studios in Bray for an open day on June 27. **B**



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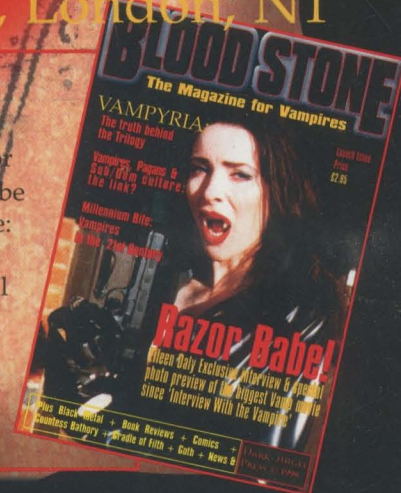
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IMAGE 44
STUDY 5

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This man persuaded his followers a UFO would whisk their souls away



Hearst: heiress turned terrorist

RP



This US airman told the world Saddam Hussein was a nice man

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WHO'S RUNNING YOUR MIND?

MIND GAMES

If you tell people unseen forces are controlling you, they'll put you down as a paranoid. But should you really be worried? JAMES WALLIS asks who's pulling your strings



Rev. Jim Jones told his followers to drink poisoned Kool-aid. And they did.

THE IDEA THAT we're all being controlled is usually reserved for conspiracy freaks and the paranoid. Most people simply don't believe that they could ever be brainwashed or have their minds taken over by some sinister force. After all, we're too strong-willed for that. Aren't we?

We're not. Anybody who thinks that they're immune to the forces of control is being naive. Mind-control goes a lot further than brain-washing, and elements of it are in every-day use, in everything from shopping malls and supermarkets to newspapers and those infuriating salespeople who ring you at eight in the evening and try to make you buy double-glazing.

To understand how mind-control works, it helps to think of the human brain as a kind of computer. Basically all our brains respond to certain stimuli the same way: these things are hard-wired into us before we are born. As we grow up, society, education and our surroundings programme us to accept that some things are true and others aren't — everything from our attitudes to the law to what we think of cheese. (Most Europeans like cheese. Icelanders find the idea of solidified milk utterly repulsive.)

There are three basic ways that a brain can be controlled. Firstly, if you understand the innate ways that everybody's brain works, you can manipulate them. Secondly, you can install programs of your own, to run alongside the brain's normal programming, and interrupt or over-ride it — like a mental computer virus. Or thirdly, you can simply delete the existing program and install your own. This drastic process is what most people think of as brain-washing.

Subliminal signals

The popular idea of subliminal images is words flashed onto cinema screens so quickly the conscious mind cannot see them, pictures hidden in adverts, or vocal messages concealed in recordings, possibly backwards. These all exist, and they all have one thing in common: they don't work.

That doesn't mean that all subliminals are useless. Every time you enter a supermarket ►

SP -20.2
SL 4.0
FOV 290*290
390 *5120
Cor>Tra 5
>Sag 2

CHRISTIE

M

EXAM:

1

20-DEC-85

BRAIN

SCAN:

4

T LR -05

Offc -18.5mm

TE 30ms

TR 650ms R

FOV 267.0mm

TH 5.0mm

Window 1924

>level 898

1 64

256matrix 2meas

you are being manipulated in many ways. And although much of this is based on a common-sense understanding of human behaviour, it's a big business. Every part of shoppers' behaviour has been monitored and measured, and new stores, displays and packages are designed accordingly. This can range from simple things like understanding that people like to turn right on entering a shop, to lighting levels and the colours used on packaging.

All 'subliminal' means is that you're not aware of what's affecting you. Human behaviour is full of things that we do without understanding why, and that goes double for shopping. By understanding this, shops can encourage us to buy things we didn't know we wanted.

The psychology behind shop design goes back to our primitive hunter-gatherer ancestry. Men are hunters: they go into shops knowing what they're after, find it and buy it; women gatherers are more interested in browsing and comparing. So product displays are targeted differently for the different sexes. Retail Success, a Staffordshire-based company, claims that: "By researching and analysing the conscious and sub-conscious behavioural patterns of customers, we are able to

on stage, and that they know how hypnotised people behave, affects their response.

The effects of hypnosis wear off quickly and it's almost impossible to make someone do something against their will. They'll resist, or refuse. However Tsander believes future developments in hypnosis may be able to go past those barriers..

In the meantime Neuro-Lingusitic Programming (NLP) claims to do just that. It emphasises reading body language and consciously altering the way you move, behave and speak to affect perception. This can involve simple tricks like yes-building – getting a person to agree with you several times, so they'll find it harder to say 'No' when you finally try to sell them something – to modulating the tone of your speech to put the other person into a trance-state, making them likely to be more suggestible. That's what the NLP practitioners claim, anyway. Whether it actually works, or is just a collection of new-age theories with a slick and aggressive marketing front, we leave up to you.

Brain-washing

The real deal. There are two things to bear in mind about brain-washing: given time it can be done to anyone; and anyone

Someone who's been brain-washed will

improve store layouts, enhance product merchandising and create more effective promotional displays."

Hypnosis & trace-states

Hypnosis remains shrouded in mystery, partly because that suits the people who do it on stage. How do they make people believe things that manifestly aren't true and perform acts that make them look like idiots? Can you hypnotise someone against their will? Or implant suggestions and activate them years later?

Alex Tsander is a stage hypnotist who's also written a number of serious papers on the subject. He believes that hypnosis isn't a way of putting people into a trace-state in which they'll do anything from pretending they're Elvis to remembering past lives. Instead, he thinks it makes people temporarily ignore their cultural conditioning, so that they enter a consensual world of make-believe with the hypnotist. They will believe what they're told. Tell them that they're seeing a giant spider and they'll react with fear. However, if you question them about whether they actually saw the spider it becomes obvious that they're pretending. The fact that they're

who's been brainwashed will insist that they haven't been. It's been used by groups from religious cults to terrorist organisations, the KGB and the Iraqi military. According to CIA documents seen by BIZARRE, the process of brain-washing is surprisingly straight-forward:

- Isolate your subject from their normal environment.
- Exhaust them mentally and physically; keep them under-nourished.
- Intimidate them.
- Bombard them with data; make them question their assumptions and values.
- Keep criticising them. You're trying to destroy their clarity of thought, make them feel worthless, force them to question their sense of self, and then eventually abandon their old value-system.

You're actually trying to give your victim a controlled nervous breakdown, and then show them a way out. Give them a welcoming community with an emphasis on the group, not the individual, and you've got most people for life.

Brain-washing really can produce complete identity changes. The classic case is heiress Patty Hearst, kidnapped in 1974 by the Symbionese Liberation Army, kept

in a cupboard and repeatedly raped... who came out on their side. A combination of brain-washing and the Stockholm Syndrome, where kidnap victims come to side with their captors, seems to have worked on her. A few months after her kidnap, she was wielding a machine-gun and raiding banks for the SLA.

Brain-washing can be resisted by people who have some training, and who are aware they're being brain-washed. Most of us don't associate being sold a holiday or praising the Lord with the stuff of thrillers. But brain-washing is real. Of all the techniques described in this article, it is the most insidious and the most dangerous – because it's the easiest.

Techno-fear

Can the CIA bug your brain? Can psychics read your thoughts? Can the New World Order put implants into your head to control your behaviour?

No. They may be the staples of *X-Files* plots, but even the most optimistic studies of psychic powers haven't unearthed anything close to mind-reading. Why would the CIA want to bug the brain of an accountant from South Shields anyway?

This has never stopped people making

In 1973 Dr Joseph Sharp of the Walter Reed Army Institute of Research in America claimed he could use pulsed microwaves to beam understandable speech into someone's brain. However, it happened to be his own brain, and he had to use an isolation chamber to make it work. If you are hearing voices in your head then either you're suffering from schizophrenia, or you're standing near an ungrounded antenna and the fillings in your teeth are picking up a radio station. This sounds like an urban legend, but radio hams have acknowledged that it can happen – rarely – on certain frequencies.

So is it true?

Most mind-control stories are bunk. There's no question that intelligence agencies have tried to find ways to control the human brain, but there's no evidence that they've developed anything that works beyond a very basic level.

Ultimately, however, we're all mind-controlled. It's society that tells us what we should do, and instils our beliefs and assumptions. Most of us automatically assume that it's okay to spend half our lives working for the benefit of someone else, and a fifth of our waking time watch-



Heaven's Gate: death by apple sauce



Expect more cult-related mass suicides in the run-up to the millennium

insist that they haven't been

wild claims about conspiracies. A couple of years ago a Californian medic, Doctor Roger Leir, said that during an X-ray of two people allegedly abducted by UFOs, he'd found small objects implanted under their skin. Analysis showed that they were only bits of metal.

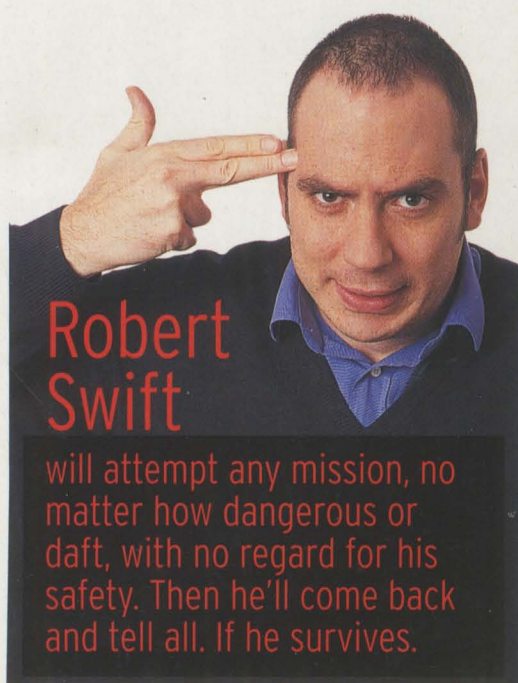
It gets madder: there's supposed to be the CIA-run Project Monarch, which uses sexual abuse, post-hypnotic suggestion and implants to create 'marionettes' to do the bidding of the 'Power Elite' – including George Bush and Ronald Reagan. Their missions apparently combine working as assassins, terrorists and drug mules. Tim McVeigh, the Oklahoma bomber, claimed the US army implanted a microchip in his bum to control him.

On a more basic level, there were fears in the 1970s and 1980s that a mysterious radio signal emanating from Russia was some form of mass-mind-control directed against the West. Nicknamed the 'Woodpecker', it was blamed for everything from mood-alteration to weather-control, but it's now accepted it was nothing but an over-the-horizon radar. Still, after it started, Maggie Thatcher was elected three times, and Ronald Reagan twice...

ing television. Is that normal? Why do we do it? There's no such thing as a free thinker: we're all controlled by our environment. What's important is not the control, but how much we're aware of it. **B**



Don't drink the Kool-aid: Jonestown in Guyana, where 914 members of the People's Temple killed themselves



Robert Swift

will attempt any mission, no matter how dangerous or daft, with no regard for his safety. Then he'll come back and tell all. If he survives.



The whereabouts of Mr Stevens on this picture are sadly unknown

These cars have no brakes, no clutch and the doors are welded shut. But it doesn't matter if you're 50 pints over the limit - because in banger racing, the rules are there are no rules

WELL, IT'S TAKEN me a while longer than I thought it would, but I've finally done myself some serious damage in the name of **BIZARRE**. My doctor tells me the whiplash will pass in a few days, the bruises will fade in a week or two but the fractured thumb and torn tendon may take longer. I now know why banger racing is called banger racing -

because it fucks with you.

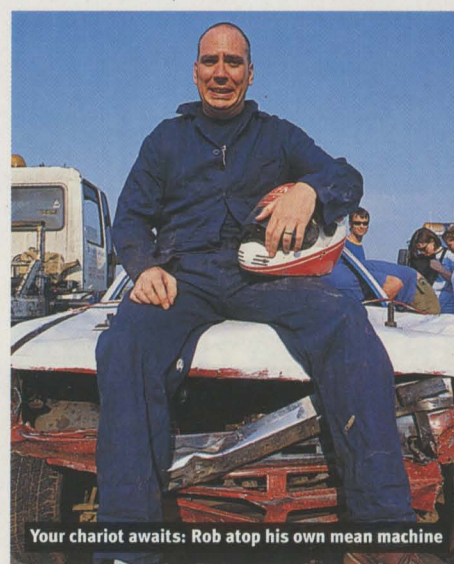
A stone's throw away from the manicured lawns of Wimbledon's famous tennis club lies Wimbledon Stadium, home to dog racing and banger bashing. Most Sunday evenings, the tarmac oval witnesses the death and destruction of once well-loved family cars like Ford Granadas, *Sweeney*-style jags and even old Rollers on a scale that the ancient Romans would have been proud of.

I arrived at the track nursing the hangover from hell. The amount of alcohol in my blood would have ruled me out of taking part in most motor sports, but when it comes to banger racing, being half cut is a definite advantage. Why else would anyone volunteer to be a human crash test dummy in a clapped out Cortina?

With 20 minutes to go before my racing debut, I was getting edgy about my total lack of training. "You'll be fine," said Geoff Bowen, the chap kind enough to lend us his car to crash. "All you have to do is get up behind someone, put your foot down and slam them into the nearest pole."

Geoff is presently serving a three month ban from competition for doing just that to another racer, and breaking the man's ankle in the process. The technique is known as 'following in' and is, as I quickly gathered, just about the only no-no in the sport. Well, that and running the marshals over. "Yeah, but that doesn't happen all that often," revealed Terry, another experienced banger racer with the scars to prove it.

Crash helmet on and circulation-stopping seat



Your chariot awaits: Rob atop his own mean machine

harness tightly fastened, I lined up at the back of the grid for the opening race. The aim was to race the other dozen or so shagged-out old motors over 15 laps of the track, smashing and crashing them out of the way til the chequered flag came out.

EXACTLY WHAT HAPPENED in the two minutes between the rolling start and finding myself facing the wrong way in the middle of the race track is all a bit of a blur. However I do remember flashes from my bumper car ride from hell; moments like wondering why my eyes were suddenly filled with grit, fumes and shards of glass then remembering to pull my helmet visor down. Moments like going too fast into the second corner and doing a complete 360 degree pirouette on some oil. Moments like seeing my wife in the crowd looking even more scared than me; and the moment when I felt another motor come up behind me, take control of my car and send me smashing into the side

All you have to do is get behind someone and



An extra-strong pair of trousers was required for this stunt



Get off the road: in banger racing, you smash your rivals off the track

HELP!

I'm a banger racer

barrier and spinning off towards the centre of the track. These boys weren't playing around. This was scary.

It was only when I finally came to a stop that I noticed the noise of the carnage all around me. It was terrifying. Bangers don't have silencers. Some don't even have exhaust pipes. I tried to get my bearings and looked down the track where I'd just come from.

Oh sweet Jesus! Three cars had just collided and they were coming my way – backwards. I braced myself for impact, then at the last moment looked away. If half a ton of car was about to take my head off I didn't really want to see it. Two of the cars slammed into me – and I was still alive! I gathered my thoughts and realised my engine had stalled.

Bangers don't have ignition keys or anything that simple. The thing is started by hot-wiring which I quickly did. It was time to put my foot down, or at least I would have done if there had been an accelerator to put my foot down on. ►

ram them into the wall



Banged up: without the aid of brakes or ignition, Rob attempts to avoid being Wimbledon roadkill

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1. Personal Information

Mr ☐ Mrs ☐ Miss ☐ Ms ☐

Surname: _____

First Name: _____

Address: _____

Post Code _____

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Marital Status: Single ☐ Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐ Separated ☐

Age: _____ Height: _____

Occupation: _____

Religion: _____

Build: slight ☐

medium ☐

large ☐

Attractiveness: Very attractive ☐

Attractive ☐

Average ☐

2. Education

Private / Public ☐ Grammar ☐
Comprehensive ☐ Sec. Modern ☐

O Levels / GCSE's ☐ A levels ☐
Further Education ☐

University / Professional Equivalent ☐
Technical Qualification ☐

3. Your Personality

(tick which traits closely describe you)

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| ☐ Affectionate | ☐ Fashionable |
| ☐ Serious | ☐ Practical |
| ☐ Considerate | ☐ Conventional |
| ☐ Shy | ☐ Reliable |
| ☐ Romantic | ☐ Adventurous |

4. Your Attitudes

(tick for yes, cross for no or leave blank)

- ☐ Do you involve yourself with community activities?
- ☐ Are you looking for one special relationship?
- ☐ Does your work make it difficult to meet new people?
- ☐ Do you want to extend your social life as well as finding a special relationship?
- ☐ Do you devote a lot of time to your social life?

5. Your interests

(sections 5. and 6. Please tick for a like, cross for dislike or leave blank for no preference.)

- | | |
|---|--|
| ☐ Wining/Dining | ☐ Jazz/Folk music |
| ☐ Pubs | ☐ Classical music |
| ☐ Sports/Keep fit | ☐ Theatre/Arts |
| ☐ Politics/History | ☐ Watching TV |
| ☐ Reading | ☐ Smoking |
| ☐ Travelling | ☐ Astrology |
| ☐ Science/Tech | ☐ Children |
| ☐ Cinema | ☐ Homemaking |
| ☐ Pets/Animals | ☐ Gardening |
| ☐ Pop music | ☐ Countryside |

6. Details of your ideal partner

Minimum age: _____ Maximum age: _____

Height: min. _____ max. _____ Don't mind ☐

Marital status:

Single ☐ Divorced ☐

Widowed ☐ Separated ☐

Don't mind ☐

Build: slight ☐

medium ☐

large ☐

Attractiveness: Very attractive ☐

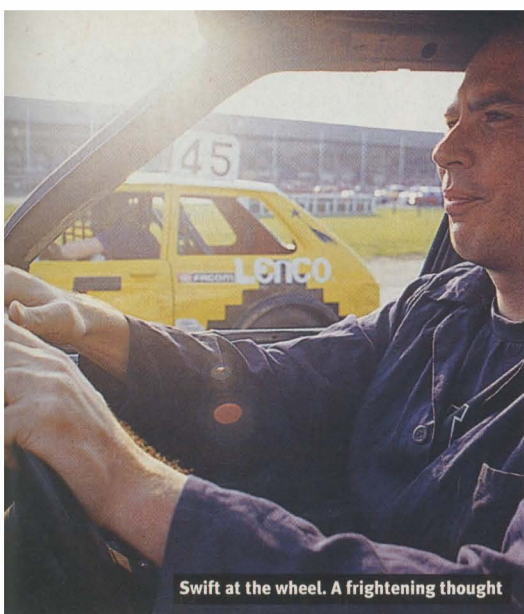
Attractive ☐

Average ☐



Dept. BIZ 10





Swift at the wheel. A frightening thought



Vorsprung Deutsch technik. Or maybe not

Someone up there was smiling on me - the accelerator had fallen off so I couldn't drive away.

But my problems were far from over. Sitting in a knackered car while maniac *Mad Max* types screeched around me meant that sooner or later I'd be smashed into again. I decided to do a runner, but the doors were welded shut just like in *The Dukes of Hazzard*. Struggling to get my 14-stone bulk out of the side window I was concerned that if a racer hit my car now I'd be thrown into the middle of the track and get run over. I tried waiting for a quiet moment, but there are no quiet moments in a banger race, so I decided to chance it and finally got free. I ran towards the relatively safety of the middle of the oval. I say 'relative' because not so long ago a race photographer was flattened there by a car careering out of control. Then I was reminded of Wimbledon stadium's other claim to fame, greyhound racing, as I stood ankle-deep in a large pile of dog shit. Nice. But at least I was still alive.

BANGER RACING, NOT to be confused with stock car or hot rod racing, has been around for about 30 years now, and there are more than 70

official tracks around the country. A lot of the competitors look like the sort of blokes who could bite the head off a pitbull, but some have never been near a scrap yard in their lives, preferring to work behind a desk all week then create some carnage on the banger track at the weekend. You're meant to be 18 to get behind the wheel, but some drivers sneak in when they're younger. And while there are only a handful of women drivers in the sport, Martina 'Melons' Allan, who races out of Swaffham in Suffolk, took part in her first smash up at 16!

The prize money on offer at Wimbledon ranged from £100 down to a fiver, but in the big races the prize money can hit £10,000. Mark 'Polo' Boulden is widely recognised as the best driver and the biggest prize winner in the game, though even he's had a two year ban slapped on him for dangerous driving that once too often.

Incidentally, banger racing is also big in Belgium, but as **BIZARRE** is banned there, who cares? It was also a hit in Germany for a long time until do-gooders got it banned in case anyone got hurt. Which is a bit silly, because the reinforced and deceptively sophisticated construction of

bangers means that even though there have been a few broken bones in banger racing over the years, no-one has ever been killed or even seriously injured - except, of course, for me.

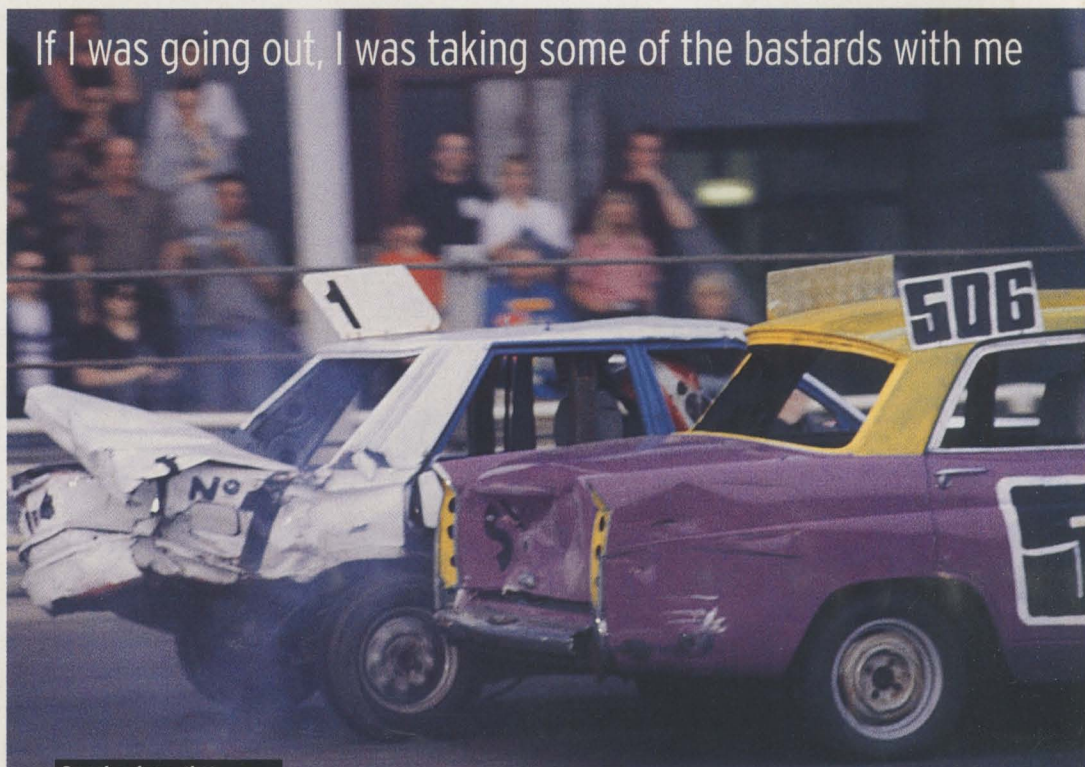
You know that relief you feel when the RAC man finally gets his head out from under the bonnet of your car and says, "There, I've mended it. It was only a matter of fixing the cable"? Well I wasn't nearly so pleased when Geoff managed to mend my dented banger in about two minutes flat.

"The next race is in half an hour. Get yourself out there again." As I tucked in next to one of banger racing's four recognised reigning World Champions (sorry, I didn't catch his name but I had bigger fish to fry at the time!) I was determined that if I was going out I was going to take some of the bastards with me.

Everyone moved off for and built up speed for the rolling start. A hooter sounded and we were off! I ploughed into the first bend like a speed demon, nudging past a couple of slow starters. Round the next bend the car snaked but I avoided collision with an old Maxi to my right. Then disaster struck as I overcooked the next bend ►



No man with a good car needs to be justified. But this is Rob

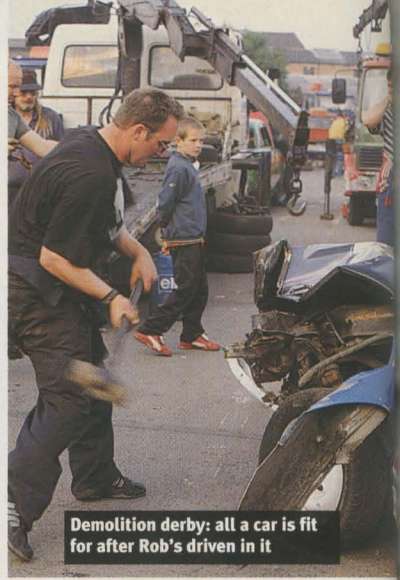


Smash-n-burn: that following-in process in full

If I was going out, I was taking some of the bastards with me



The self-preservation society: amazingly, no one's ever been killed while banger racing



Demolition derby: all a car is fit for after Rob's driven in it

I wanted to kill everything that was in my way. This was road rage on a Biblical scale

and I piled straight into the high-tension wires separating the cars from the spectators. I panicked and tried to get the car to reverse. Of course, in a car where the only mod-con is a steering wheel, it was no surprise to find that reverse didn't exist. But by repeatedly driving into the wires, I somehow managed to bounce myself back onto the track. I knew now that I was at least a lap down on everyone else, and decided the only way to win now was to get rid of the opposition.

I burnt rubber through the field, swerving between the dead and dying cars that now littered the track, and wiped out a back marker or two with a hard nudge up the backside or a sharp slam into their side panels. The screech of rusty metal on rusty metal as my car collided with anything in sight was awesome. I was into my rhythm; hit and run, hit and run...

Then suddenly I was out again, spun off the track by that pesky World Champ. I could hear the crowd sigh as they thought my race was run, but I quickly hot-wired the car and screamed

back at the bastard who'd got me. Adrenaline was surging through me, and for a moment I wanted to kill everything in my way. This is road rage on a Biblical scale.

A few more laps passed without incident. I was getting cocky and the other drivers knew it. I was just the new kid in class and I was about to be taught a lesson. With the last lap approaching and my Cortina still in one piece, I moved up on a purple car in front of me. I could see the driver looking at me in his rear-view mirror, goading me on. I wasn't keen. He looked far too mean. But I decided to take my chances; rammed him in the boot and dived up his inside.

I was suddenly at the centre of the mother of all munches. First one car hit me from the rear, then another spun me sideways, then a third steamed straight into the side of me and completely crushed my car against the railings, a manoeuvre known technically as a T-bone. One minute I was driving a four-door saloon, the next I was in a Mini.

I was badly shaken and only came back to my

senses as I saw a fourth car hit me and flip onto its roof. A silver door handle entered my line of sight and I watched it as it flew in through the open windscreen towards me, ricocheted off my helmet and took a chunk out of the back of my hand on the way out.

LATER, BACK IN the pits, I felt battered and bruised and slightly cheated of the victory that could have been mine. Then I began to notice a throbbing pain in my right hand. I knew I'd broken something, not least the car I'd been lent. Geoff found me inspecting the damage I'd done to his old Ford. With the wheels hanging off and the boot nowhere to be seen it didn't even look like a car any more. "I'll get it ready for the last race. You might win that," said Geoff, grinning.

By the time the Demolition Derby got under way at 9 o'clock I was being tenderly cared for on the Accident and Emergency ward of Roehampton hospital by a nurse called Sandra and big bottle of TCP. For all I know Geoff is still looking for me right now.



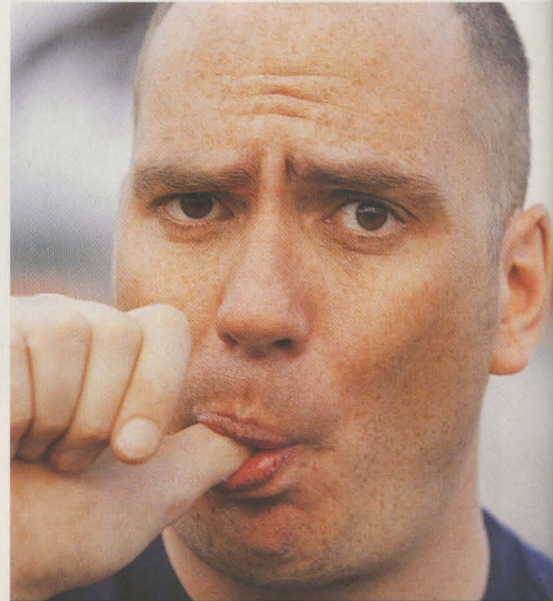
Rob fancies his chances, but failure is only seconds away



Final impact: the Bizarremobile is destroyed



And this is what he has to show for his heroics



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Horse ripping

Horse-ripping is a mysterious crime that hit the headlines in the 1980s but has a long and hideous history in this country. THORSTEN NORDENFELDT sorts sex fiends from alien scientists looking for a solution



This horse managed to survive horrific abdominal knife wounds

WHAT SORT of person would take a knife and deliberately slash an innocent animal until it was too weak to stand from loss of blood? Or push a fence post into its vagina or anus until serious internal damage was caused? Or ceremonially stab it in the eyes, heart and genitals? No-one really knows... Horse ripping is a crime with plenty of silent victims, but few convicted perps.

No one can agree on why horses are mutilated. Black Magic cultists have been blamed, as have alien vivisectionists and secret military exercises requiring test animals. Opinion currently favours sexual deviants, and yet these violent horse-fanciers are proving ridiculously difficult to catch. Part of the problem is that most attacks take place in isolated fields, and at night when the predator feels safe. The horse will often not be checked on until morning,

giving the attacker time to escape.

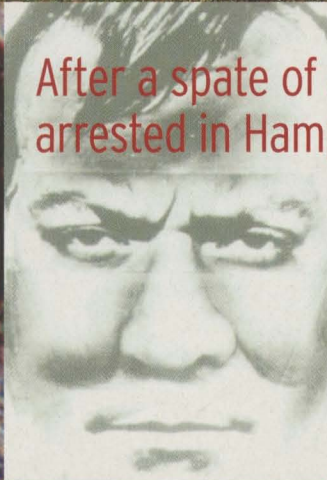
The Met closed its Equine Crime Prevention Unit in 1996, after 15 years of monitoring. In Hampshire 27 people were arrested after a spate of assaults in 1993, but none were convicted. Horsey circles spoke of the return of The Ripper, a figure to whom many assaults are attributed.

At first glance horse-ripping, with its class-motivated overtones, seems a peculiarly British crime – most attacks occur in the Home Counties. The ones that hit the headlines look like frustrated sexual assaults. Yet a survey of cases in Great Britain in the last two decades reveals that only one in four involved genital mutilation. However, some researchers suggest that other wounds may be a result of frustration, guilt or even self-disgust after bestiality. One man recently convicted of nine offences in Baden Wurtemberg, Germany, claimed he had slashed mares because of his hatred of women.



Attacks happen in isolated fields; 'The Ripper' (below)

After a spate of assaults, 27 people were arrested in Hampshire. None were convicted



A common factor in assaults is cutting off the horse's tail or mane, or marking it with dyes. This may be a throw back to the last century when horsehair was a marketable commodity. There are 18th Century records suggesting the attacks were also a warning to owners. One Lancashire farmer said that he didn't snitch on poachers because, "the next night one of the horses tails would be cut off."

John Archer, author of *By A Flash and a Scare: Incendiarism, Animal Maiming and Poaching In East Anglia*, suggests these are hate crimes against the rich, leisured classes: "In the past, violence against landowners was transferred to their most prized possession; an act of symbolic murder. Therefore, it's no surprise to see that horse ripping came back into focus in the 1980s, the decade of soaring unemployment. "Could this be a case of transferred rape?" he suggests of the Hampshire outbreaks.

No one has really been able to explain why horse-maimers seem most active in the summer,

with most crimes reported between April and October. If sexual assault is the motivation, maybe it's too cold for outdoor sex in January...

Are many of the perpetrators inspired by copy-cat cravings? In Germany in 1992, one isolated incident in Bergholz brought the phenomenon to country-wide attention. Over that summer 300 assaults were reported, resulting in the deaths of 89 horses from their injuries, many of a sexual nature. In the climate of hysteria created by media coverage, some 'attacks' may have actually been horses cutting themselves accidentally. But that doesn't explain why, suddenly, lots of people wanted to kill horses. Germany continues to be a major centre for equine attacks.

During the 1990s incidents have been reported all over the rich, white world. America, Canada and Scandinavia have begun to see incidences. And not all assaults involve stabbings... there is also stable arson and poisonings. The four mares belonging to racehorse trainer Ettore Pistoletti

Suddenly, lots of people wanted to kill horses

that were poisoned near Piza in 1995 were probably knobbled by rivals. While similar motives might account for the June 1996 fire at trainer Jim Old's stable at Wroughton, Wilts, in which three horses died, it doesn't explain the other arson attacks in British stables this decade.

However some people find all the theorising specious: "Pseudo-psychoanalytic discussion does no good," snapped Professor David Cantor, a serial killer expert from Liverpool University. "Perhaps he has just ended a relationship with a goat and has displaced his anger on a horse. What does it matter?"

Folklore or space lore?

Cattle and horse mutilation has a long history of association with UFO sightings, especially in America, where numerous carcasses have been found drained of blood, or with internal organs mysteriously removed. Dozens of reports are carefully investigated every year, and the data is thought-provoking.

On 5 March this year Colorado rancher Kim Miller found his gelding Skip dead and called local investigators. This was the third cold weather mutilation in the San Luis Valley since November 1997. "The carcass exhibited evidence of being killed by knowledgeable, proficient professionals. A 12" plug of brisket/muscle had been completely removed with not a single spilled drop of blood. No predator could possibly have done this."

Horse mutilation first hit the headlines in America in 1967, again in the San Luis Valley, when the corpse of a 3-year-old gelding was found with brain, abdominal and spinal cavities empty. The Denver pathologist stated: "There definitely should have been a good bit of fluid in the brain cavity... this horse was definitely not killed by lightning." However death by lightning remains the authorities' official conclusion.

In Summer 1990 UFOlogists Eddie Sherwood and Vince Palmer were on a crop circle 'watch' at Bratton in Wiltshire. They claim to have found the body of a white horse just below the famous white horse cut into the nearby hillside. According to them, the horse's penis and ears had been cut off, but there was no blood. Police searched the area and found nothing, except for the horse usually in the field. If a horse was mutilated, who took it away and why? Did someone replace the dead horse with another, similar one? Conspiracy theorists had a field day.

Chopping up animals throughout history

Horse-ripping has a long tradition in rural England. The earliest mention we can find comes in *The Mabinogian*, a collection of Welsh oral mythology, finally written down in the 11th century. It records a man mutilating a horse after he hears of his sister's engagement to an Irishman (as you would).

By the 16th century, cutting out cow's tongues was all the rage... So frequent were attacks that a special law was passed against it. It continued to be a common form of animal abuse until the 19th century, when rippers began using their imagination. During the 19th century there was political unrest in the countryside. Animal mutilation was therefore frequently put down to revolting peasants wanting to spoil their landlord's goods. Newspapers at the time mentioned 'unnatural acts' but these were brushed over as politically motivated. There were further reports of all sorts of animal abuse in addition to the usual horses and cows: pigs, deer, even swans were hacked, poisoned, buggered and strangled. But the majority of assaults were on horses, a trend which has continued to the present day.

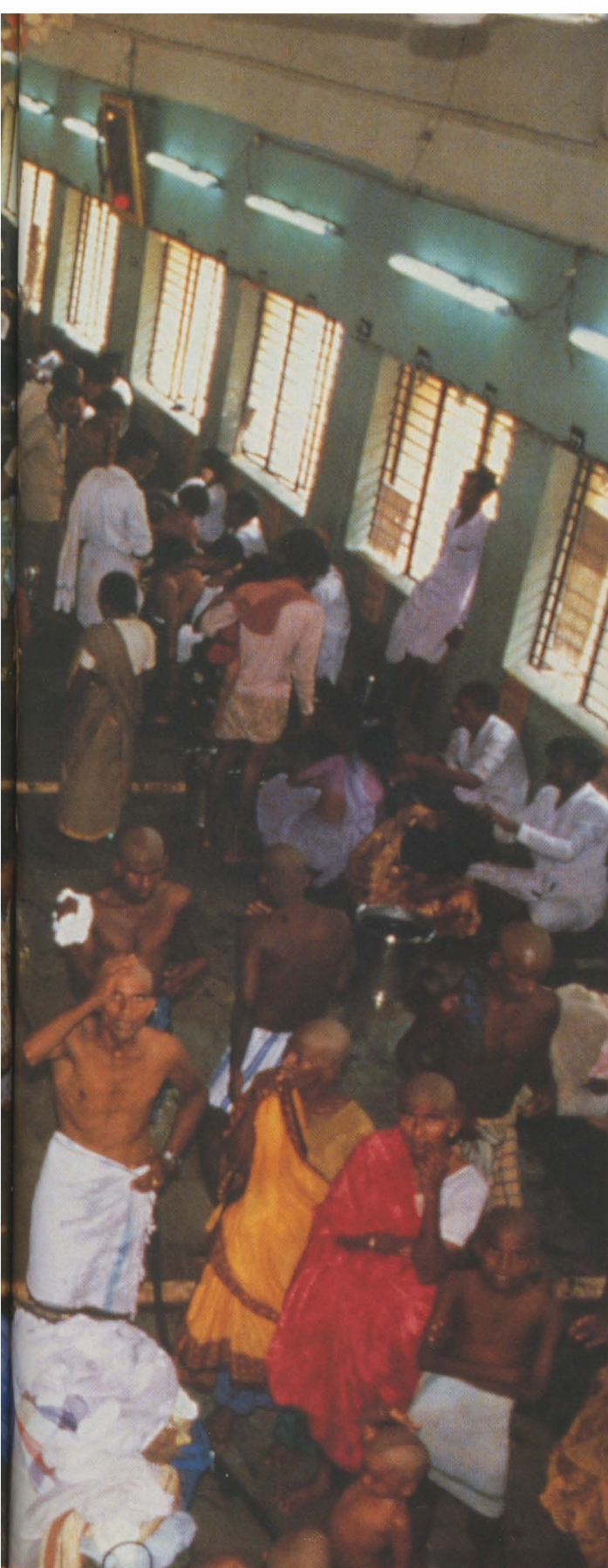
This gouged head suggests a ritualistic form of attack





THE HAIR

An amazing 42,000 devotees come to this temple in Southern India every day



This child is just one of 40,000-80,000 people who come to the Tirumata temple on the arid Tirupathy plane in the extreme south of India every day. There the Hindu pilgrims offer their hair to the god Balaji, a reincarnation of Vishnu, in the hope that he will grant their wishes. The 200 barbers who work there are impervious to the struggles of the kids.

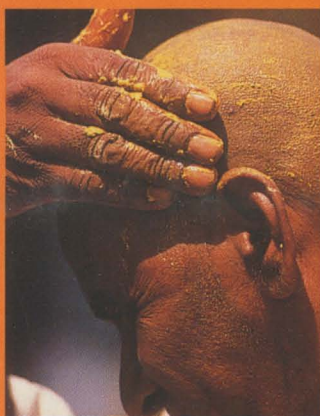


REMI BENAÏ/CAMMA/FRANK SPOONER

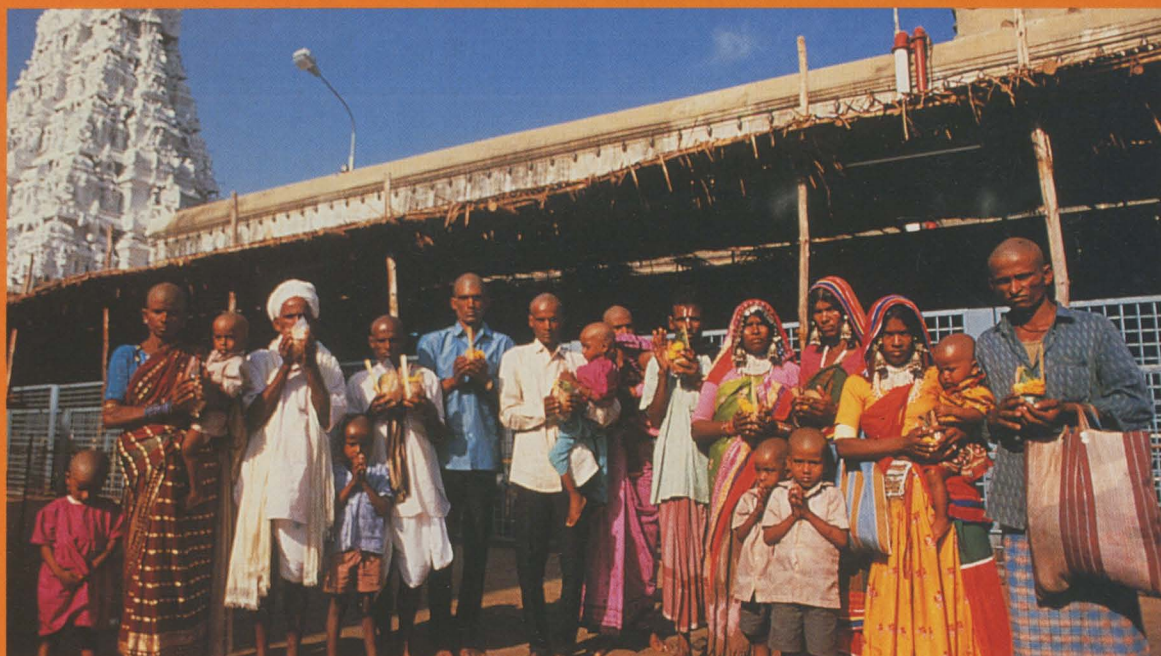
The devotees' sacrifice makes the temple the second most profitable religious centre in the world, after the Vatican. The tonnes of shaved hair are black gold, providing the biggest source of hair for wigs in the world. The smell of packed bodies in the barbers' rooms is foetid, as many wait all day to kneel on a plain wooden plank and have their locks removed.

BARE BUNCH

to have a holy haircut and offer their locks to Vishnu. PETRA SMITH investigates



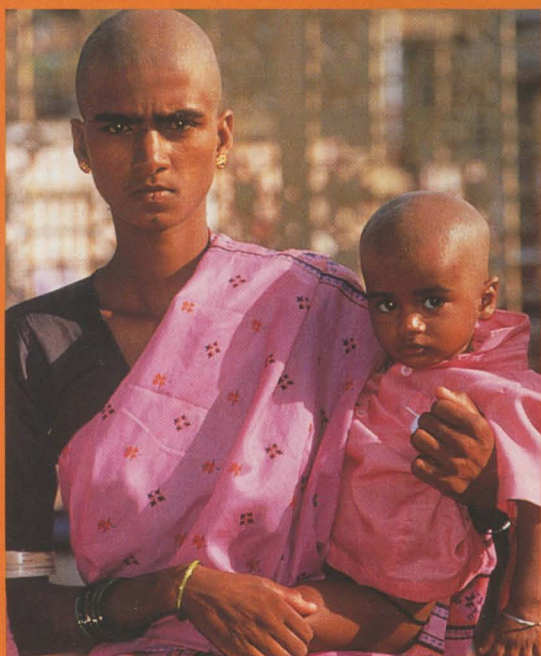
On average, another bus disgorges its cargo of the faithful into the courtyard outside the sanctuary every five minutes. The first growth of a baby's hair is often sacrificed in the hope of winning the god's favour.



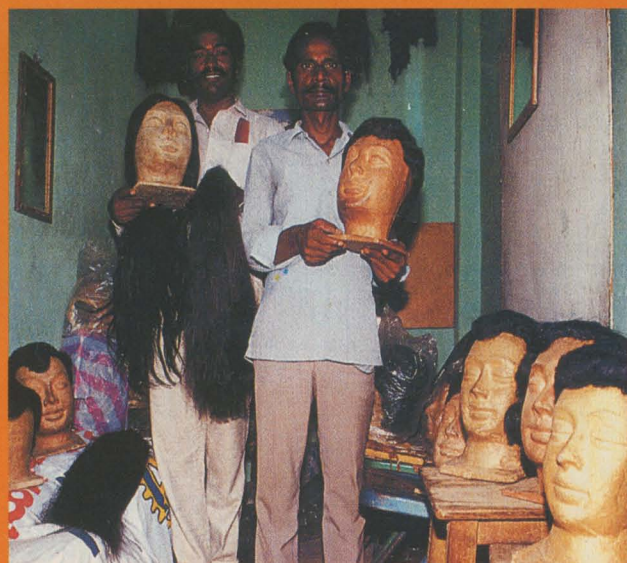
Legend has it that Vishnu ascended to heaven with a shepherdess from the hill of Tirumala, leaving a promise to reimburse the local Prince for her dowry. Followers have been paying the debt with their hair ever since.



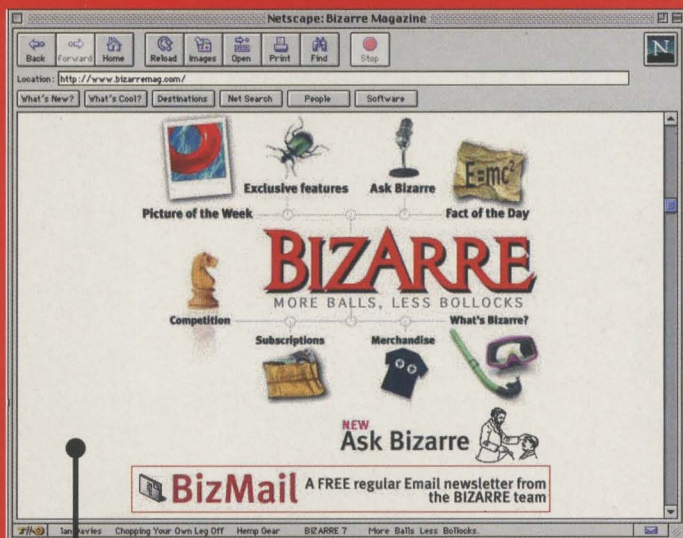
A whole town has grown up around the temple, with shops selling kitsch religious souvenirs. Religious chanting fills the air, zealously broadcast over loudspeakers.



The hair is sorted into four grades, the most valuable being the longest, at 50-130cms. A stunning 100 tonnes are shorn and bagged every three months by the temple workers, before being auctioned for £4,000 a tonne and shipped all over the world.



It takes the local wig-makers around two days to create each of their luxury products. Each hair is individually knotted, like a carpet, after being washed in petrol and ammonia. [E]



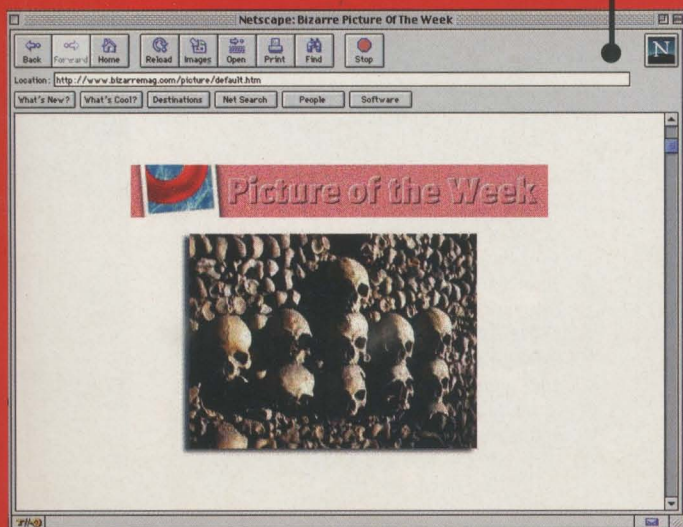
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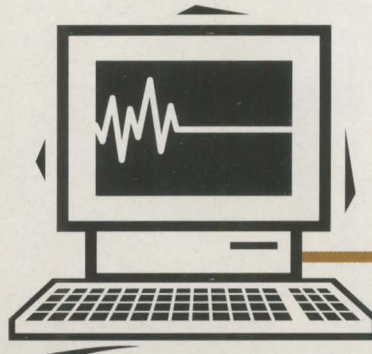
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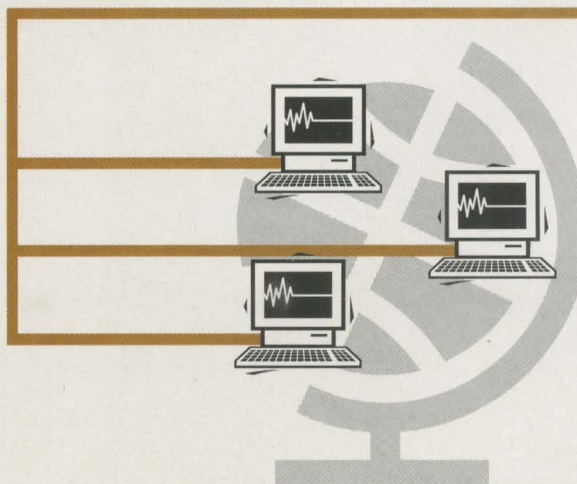
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OUTRAGEOUS FORTUNE

Despite its clichéd image, fortune telling is more popular than ever. But we all know it's a load of old bollocks, don't we? DAVID ATKINSON consults the oracle

I HINK FORTUNE telling and you see crinkly old women at fairgrounds, stinking of incense and stale wee. Cross their palm with silver and you're told you're going to meet a tall dark stranger, travel the world and work with animals. Or so the cliché goes.

But despite getting a consistently bad press, the ancient 'art' of fortune-telling shows no signs of disappearing in a puff of mystic smoke. Indeed, given the ever-impending Millennium, the number of people seeking spiritual guidance from the contemporary version of a gypsy with a crystal ball is rocketing.

In recent years, psychic phone services have become the acceptable face of the industry, thanks to their slick advertising campaigns. Latoya Jackson's Psychic Net-

work and Dionne 'Heartbreaker' Warwick's Psychic Friends both regularly grace US TV screens with ads for lines charging around £2.50 per minute.

Well known Royal fruit loop Prince Charles has recently been consulting Indian doctor Mosaraf Ali at his London clinic, while rumour has it that during Ronald Reagan's presidency, the actions of the US head of state were determined by his wife Nancy's personal astrologer. Hell, thousands of people sit transfixed every Saturday while Mystic Meg describes how if you're a one-legged window cleaner from Rochdale then it really could be you.

But why are people such suckers for spiritual guidance? According to outspoken PR guru Max Clifford, it all comes down to insecurity. "People are totally paranoid and celebrities don't meet anyone in the course of their normal lives who can dispense good sense to them. So they need someone who can take control and be firm," he says.

But if you're about to seek guidance how can you ensure you don't end up like Winona Ryder in the film *Reality Bites*, running up a huge phone bill to a psychic tarot line?

BIZARRE gazes into its crystal ball... ►

You gets what you pays for

The cheap, the cheerful, and the (possibly) insightful side of fortune telling, roadtested by BIZARRE

THE MICHAELA LINE TELEPHONE PSYCHIC READINGS

What is it?: A pre-recorded telephone message that claims to predict your future based on reading Tarot cards you can't even see.

Tone: Amusing

Credibility: 1/10

Value for money: 1/10

Cost: Around £15 for 15 minutes

Typical quote: "I'm picking up romance connected with travel. A boat trip. Wedding bells are on the cards this year. A wedding in an unusual setting. I'm seeing the Indian Ocean. The Seychelles."

Predictions: "I see a lucky find when you're at a car boot sale. It's a second hand teapot. It will catch your eye and when you get home you'll find some jewellery lodged in the spout. In the next year you will learn about Feng Shui and bring peace and harmony into your life. I also see you will win a small electrical item at a seaside resort." "Someone close to you is suffering with an ear infection which is quite itchy."

What came true?: Haven't been to any car boot sales in the last six months and still couldn't give toss about Feng Shui. And as for a small electrical item at a seaside resort, well I nearly bought a dildo in Scarborough.

Conclusion: Don't even think about it.

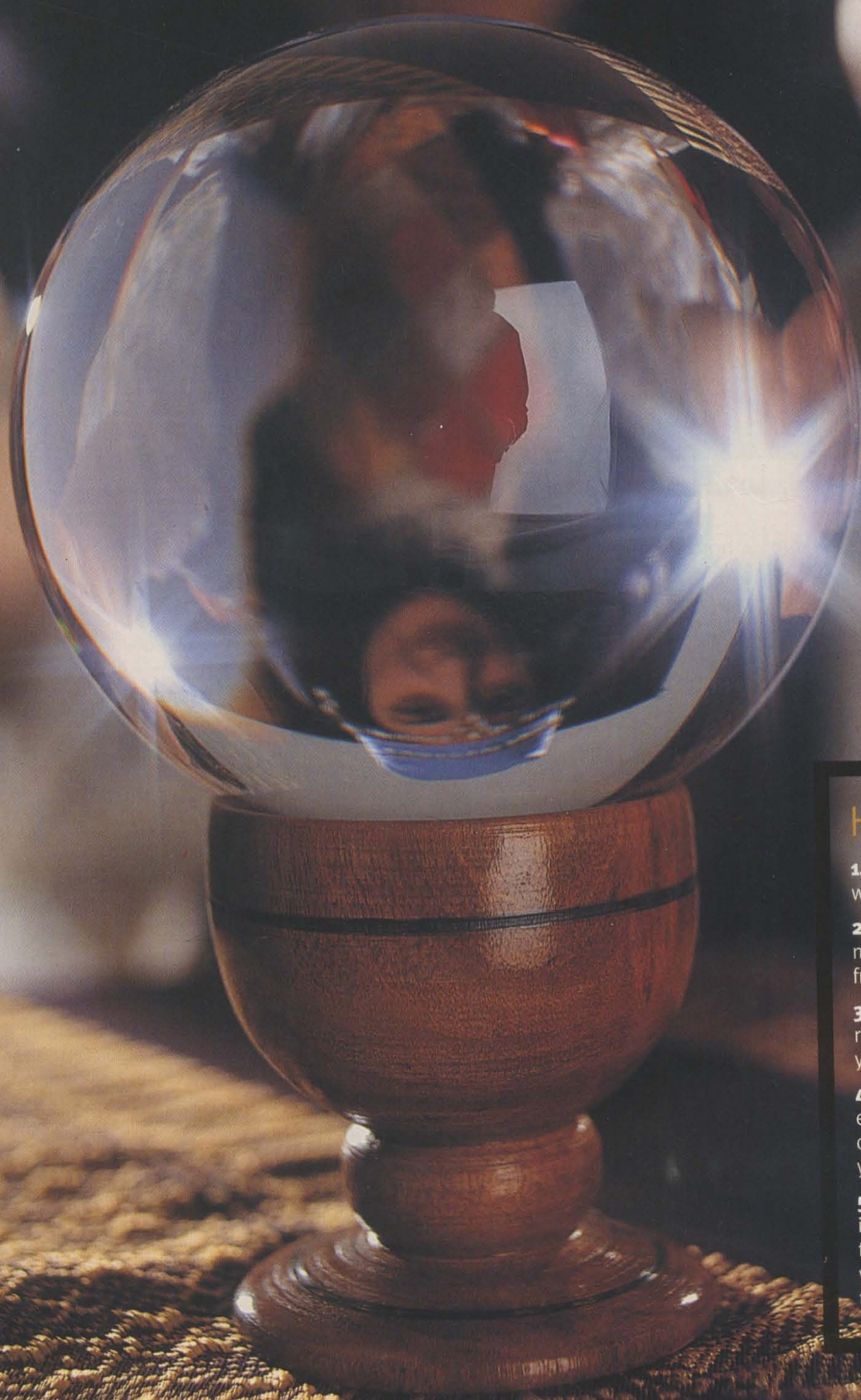
TAROT READING

What is it?: An intimate face to face session based on readings from four sets of cards selected at random with a chance to discuss points raised. The playing cards reflect the practical side of life, Tarot reflects your passage through life, the Psy cards pick up on your mental energy and finally the American Indian animal cards reflect the spirits that protect you.

Tone: Serious and informative

Credibility: 7/10 ►





How to spot a cowboy psychic

1. Fortune tellers seeking to build a relationship which makes you dependant on them.
2. Anyone telling you to follow their advice but not to discuss what they've told you with friends/family etc.
3. Advice to break off normal long-standing relationships. This serves merely to increase your dependency on the advisor.
4. Suggestions that giving more than the pre-established fee, whether that be money, favours or even in a few extreme cases, sex, will bring you luck.
5. Never take advice that you would not accept if it came from any other source. Just because they claim supernatural power doesn't mean you should follow their life-changing advice to the letter.

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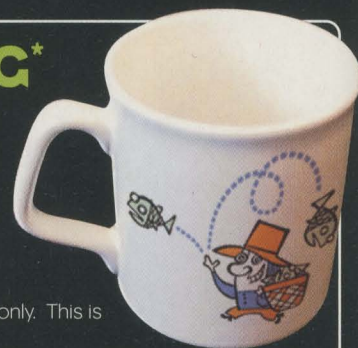
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AN301

Value for money: 8/10

Cost: Around £20 for one hour

Typical quote: "The King here represents an older man. I see conflict here. Maybe with a boss or an authority figure. Have you been in conflict with a boss recently?"

Predictions: "I see a change of property which you will be pleased with as it will stop you worrying about feeling unsettled, while the 10 of Spades signifies a new beginning for you. There will be weighing up decisions as shown by the Sun card which talks of a decision between cementing a relationship and a holding off until you know yourself better. The Death card here is not a frightening card, but rather it marks a major decision time – the choice to settle or to work abroad."

What came true?: Well I did move flat but I'm still waiting for the job offer to work in sunnier climes. It was all very vague, very open to interpretation and some of her predictions seemed to be based on questions she had asked about my lifestyle. Nevertheless, I did find it a quite reassuring and calming experience. Even though I retained healthy cynicism throughout, I thought she was very genuine in her approach.

Conclusion: More of a way to satisfy curiosity than change your life, but for £20 I came out feeling better about myself, and found it fascinating, albeit not entirely convincing.



INSIGHT PROMOTIONS EROTIC HOROSCOPES

What is it?: A computer programme that, taking your date of birth as a starting point, claims to make predictions about your love life and sexual future.

Tone: Dull

Credibility: 2/10

Value for money: 4/10

Cost: £5 per reading, takes 15 minutes

Typical quote: "The erotic horoscope will give you new and unimagined insights into your sexual talents... the drives and inner forces which lie dormant within you."

Predictions: "You will find a new partner to whom you will devote a lot of attention to the breasts. Once your penis gets involved, your excitement will become boundless. And you will visibly relish it when your partner starts showing an interest in your member with her tongue."

What came true?: Bugger all. The nearest my penis came to getting involved was catching in my zip. And show me a man who doesn't "visibly relish" having his dick licked.

Conclusion: Keep it in your trousers. Your money that is.



Below: runes, stones and bones all play a part in different systems of fortune telling. Bottom: tea leaves – the contents of a bag of PG Tips just won't do



The history

Looking for alternative beliefs for spiritual guidance is nothing new. In tribal cultures the role of the soothsayer was always pivotal to spiritual life, while recently, many have looked to the East for inspiration. Aldous Huxley was a big admirer of Hindu philosophy, while The Beatles adopted the Maharishi Mahesh Yogi as a spiritual mascot. Even Tory leader William Hague is known to be fond of a bit of transcendental meditation. But desire to understand the future can leave people vulnerable.

"Humans have an amazing capacity for self-deception," says self-confessed sceptic Peter Huston, author of *Scams from the Great Beyond* (Paladin Press). "Fortune telling is all about a person going to a stranger for advice. There is an inherent risk in this according to the ethics of the fortune-teller and the emotional needs of the person."

The major rip offs

The stock trade of any good fortune teller, and many psychotherapists, is active listening. A typical exchange would go: "I'm worried I'm unattractive to women" "So you're worried about not getting any sex?" "Yes, that's it exactly" They're also versed in the art of starting off with vague statements to pump the person for information.

Another trick relies on the 'Barnum' effect, after infamous circus master PT Barnum: appear confident enough and people will be willing to believe general statements are applicable exclusively to them.

Finally, a common scam is for the fortune teller to convince a client that their problems are caused by a curse on their possessions, requiring them to surrender all their worldly goods for curse removal.



So is it all just bollocks?

"Make enough predictions, keep them vague, and assess peoples' needs. Some will come true. I don't believe there's anything in fortune telling which could not be explained by human nature," says Huston.

Still, there are many people who genuinely feel they have clairvoyant powers like Maxine, who appears very normal to me as we sit over steaming cups of tea in a house in North Yorkshire. "We have the ability to use mind over matter, enabling us to attune to conscious energy which they then translate," she explains. "There is nothing magical about the process. In fact anyone can practice this sort of concentration."

Indeed, Maxine views fortune telling very much as any other service. "I'm about helping people to rise above their emotions and see with a clearer spiritual perspective to move forwards in life."

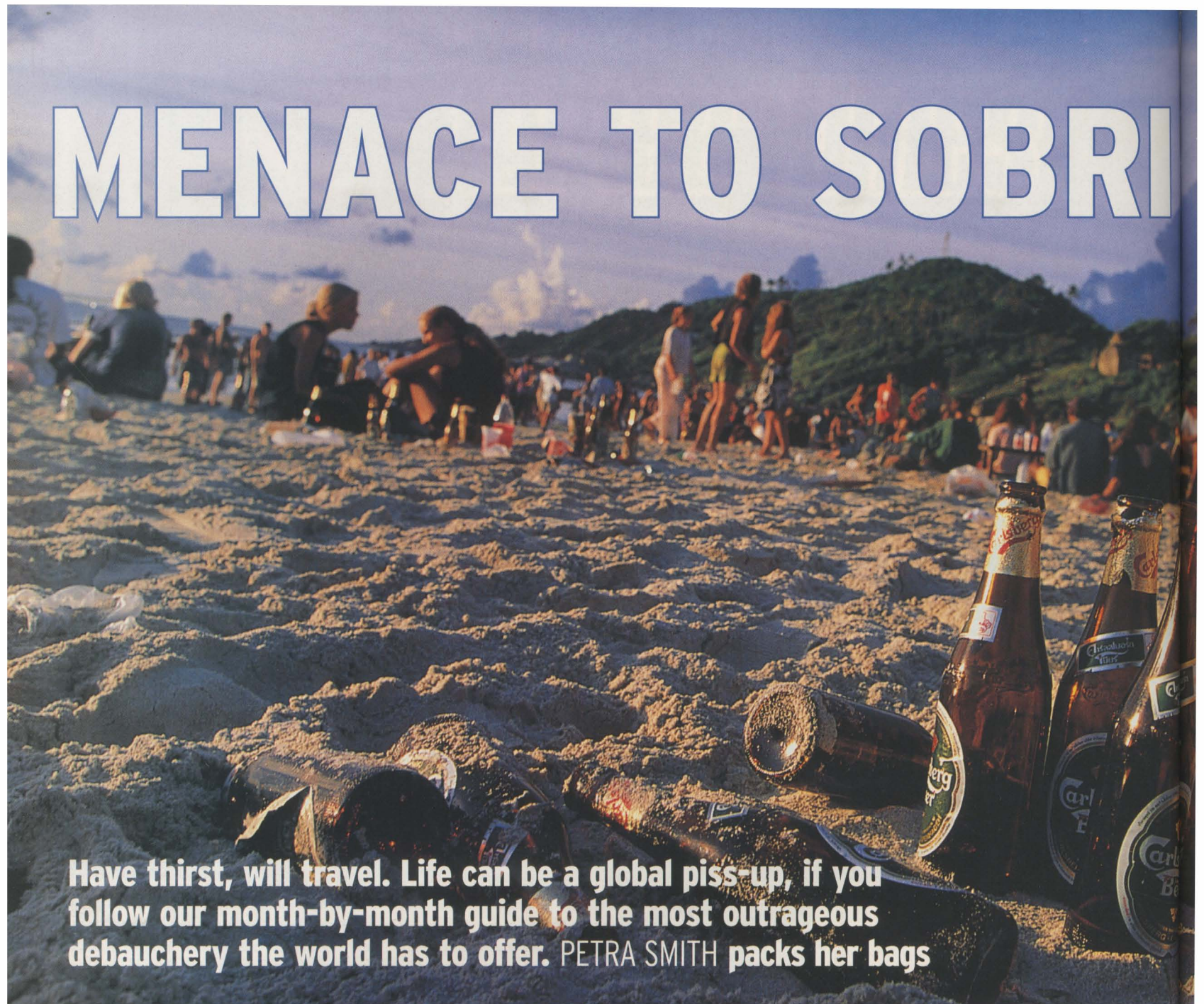
Card-reading over, I meet one of Maxine's regulars, Patricia, a well-spoken lady in her 40's. She has been coming to Maxine for several months to help her through a marriage break-up. I ask her whether she feels paying around £20 a go for a hour with Maxine is not just a complete rip-off?

"Not at all," she recoils. "It's been a great help through a difficult period. Like a kind of therapy. It hasn't given answers but has helped me to talk and given me hope." So does it matter whether the act of clairvoyance is based on truth when it can give people enormous comfort?

"When people wish to know things they cannot know via natural means, some will seek out a supernatural source for knowledge," says Huston. "Hence, I doubt fortune telling will ever die out, but I do suspect as science finds ways to more efficiently answer the needs fortune telling has traditionally fulfilled, then it will decline."

But Maxine doesn't agree. "People's fears stem from the fact that the conscious mind creates an energy which goes beyond the familiarity of the five senses. In reality people should seek out clairvoyants to consult in the same way as any other service. "At the end of the day we are a late 1990's phenomenon," she adds. "We're just another highly developed service industry." **B**

MENACE TO SOBRI



Have thirst, will travel. Life can be a global piss-up, if you follow our month-by-month guide to the most outrageous debauchery the world has to offer. PETRA SMITH packs her bags

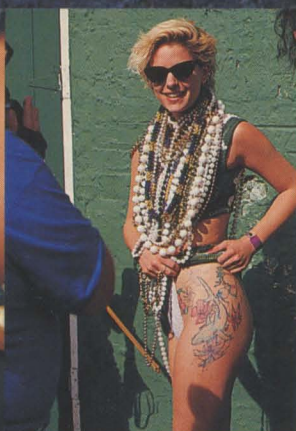
FEBRUARY
Mardi Gras
NEW ORLEANS, USA

YOU NEED TWO things for a guaranteed good time at Mardi Gras: a mask, and plenty of beads. That's right, beads. Strings of them are thrown from the floats that parade down Canal Street. Depending on how keen your prospective partner is, or how unusual the beads you've managed to gather are, a string will buy you anything from a quick flash of tits to full sex. The most serious action takes place deep in the French Quarter, but even on Bourbon Street you'll see plenty of people bartering with beads – once signifying an exchange of friendship, now more likely to provoke an exchange of bodily fluids.

UPSIDE: You can't turn round for fresh-faced college co-eds

DOWNSIDE: STDs are rife

TOP TIP: Go for the last weekend when things get really wild



ETY

JANUARY Full Moon Party KO PHA NGAN, THAILAND

TAKE A SMALL island with a picture perfect beach, dotted with bars that sell cheap whisky and beer, where tiny Thai women in bikinis run around just begging for it. Some bloke's sick fantasy? No, the Ko Pha Ngan Full Moon Parties in Thailand will supply all that. Dubbed the Ibiza of South East Asia, the tiny island in

southern Thailand is full of old and new age hippies looking for booze, techno and sex on the beach at Hat Rin. If you haven't pulled by the time you're dancing in the surf as the sun rises, you might as well give up.

UPSIDE: Moonlit beaches and magic mushroom pizza

DOWNSIDE: Lady boys who pop up in the loos and want to give you some nice "suckie suckie"

TOP TIP: Don't worry about finding a hotel when you've picked out the young lady of your dreams. Just find a dark, secluded cove on the beach – everyone else does

MAY Cannes Film Festival CANNES, FRANCE

THE KEY TO having fun at the Cannes Film Festival is taking a quality suit and looking confident. All the film world swamps the French Riviera from yer Brad Pitts and Gwyneth Paltrows through to silicone-enhanced beach bunnies promoting Z-movies, and with the right attitude and one good outfit you can try your hand at blagging your way into the hot celeb parties, airily claiming to have been a journalist in *Welcome to Sarajevo* or first violinist in the orchestra in *Titanic*. Best of all, the European Porn Awards are held at the same time, and the girls lining up to accept awards for moaning, groaning and splitting their legs carry out outrageous shoots on the beach. Don't expect to see much authentic French colour though, it's a thoroughly Americanized event.

UPSIDE: Lots of women in advanced states of undress

DOWNSIDE: Ridiculously expensive

TOP TIP: Don't even bother trying to get accommodation in Cannes itself. Even if you wanted to take out a second mortgage, every available broom closet is booked years in advance

MARCH Rio De Janeiro Carnival RIO, BRAZIL

GET ON DOWN to those hot Latin rhythms, not to mention watch lots of hot chicks in some of the world's skimpiest bikinis – being a Catholic country topless is out, even on Rio's huge, beautiful beaches. For the last four days leading up to Mardi Gras, the Tuesday before Lent, samba bands and dancers seem to be everywhere, parading through the streets, in restaurants. You need tickets to watch the Sambadrome, a special afternoon parade, but there's no charge for taking part in the welter of street parties that spring up at night as clubs spill over into the road. Old Brazilian drunks are like octopuses with sequinned tentacles... watch out for mature marimba players if you're a girl.

UPSIDE: Hot weather, hot women

DOWNSIDE: Crime – watch out for skilled pick-pockets, and avoid the beaches at night

TOP TIP: Get tanked up at your hotel before hitting the streets – it's not the expense, it's just that you'll be offered godawful brews that'll knock you for six





MAY/JUNE TT Races

ISLE OF MAN

THEY'RE A BREED apart on the Isle of Man. Not only have they got the most dangerous on-road bike race track, they don't stop whizzing around at dangerous speeds when the racing day is over. Walk down the promenade in Douglas, the main port, and you'll see off-duty bike nuts pulling noisy burnouts, wheelstands and, as the night progresses, naked circuits of the town centre, watched by thousands of speed freaks and big-swillin' party animals. The local police won't pull you in unless you're unconscious at 60mph, but they've got a very tough line on drugs and the island is one of the few places that practices corporal punishment with the birch instead of community service. So watch your arse, literally!

UPSIDE: Booze, bikes and babes, and you don't have to go halfway round the world to enjoy them

DOWNSIDE: Drooling sniffer dogs searching for drugs

TOP TIP: Major babe action to be found at the Lido Nightclub, or hang out at Busheys, where hardcore enthusiasts go

JUNE Roskilde Rock Festival

COPENHAGEN, DENMARK



THE BIGGEST ROCK festival in Europe, the Roskilde features about 150 acts – this year the lineup includes The Beastie Boys, Bob Dylan, Finley Quaye, Echo And The Bunnymen, Kylie Minogue, Iggy Pop, Marilyn Manson and Ash. Like Glastonbury writ large, veterans of previous Roskildes assure us that it's not the same unless you camp out in a muddy field. However, by comparison Roskilde's very civilised, with rubbish collected after every gig by volunteers, regularly cleaned toilets in which the stock of loo rolls is regularly replenished, and beer served ice cold (which is only fair considering how much they charge for it). Scandinavian birds are both vocal and vigorous when it comes to enjoying their favourite bands, and there's something to be said for the wholehearted way they throw themselves into dancing – particularly if it's a hot day and they're wandering around in nothing but a bikini. Well worth forking out £80 for four days' entertainment.

UPSIDE: Scandinavian girls jumping around in bikinis if the sun's out

DOWNSIDE: The sun's not always out in Denmark

TOP TIP: Beer's very expensive so stock up on duty-frees, but watch out for booze patrols at the entrances who make Dr Mengele look like Dr Seuss



JULY Ios

GREECE

DON'T GO TO Ios looking for the delights of Greek culture. Touring temples is not really on the menu. If you're a sun worshipper you'll find most of the beautiful beaches deserted until sundown, when the serious partying starts. Visitors to Ios party soooo hearty they can't even drag themselves out of their apartments to fry for the afternoon, it takes until nightfall for them to return to the land of the living. Like Ibiza but with a bit more variety.

UPSIDE: Topless sex-crazed women on the beaches

DOWNSIDE: Sunstroke

TOP TIP: Most of the best bars and nightclubs are at the top of the island's hill, so check your accommodation is up there, not down in the port at the bottom

ROBERT HARDING, COLORIFIC, ALL SPORT, FRANK SPOONER, CORBIS

AUGUST

Burning Man Festival

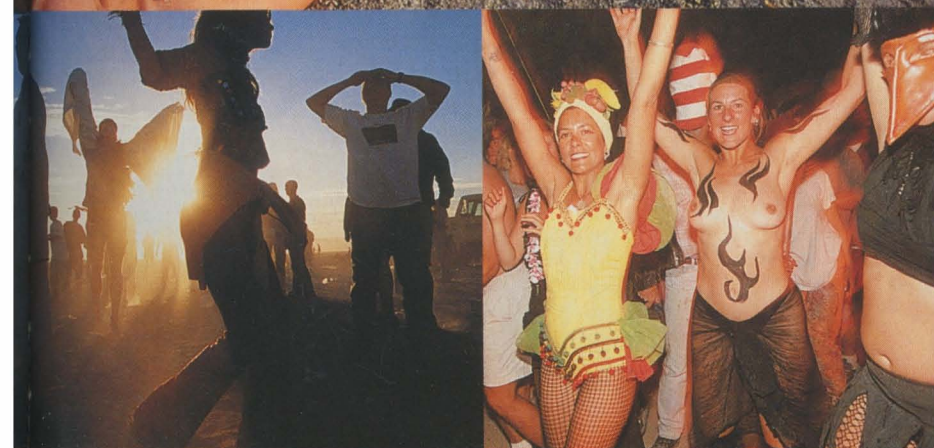
NEVADA DESERT, USA

"No spectators, only participants" is the slogan of the Burning Man Festival so get ready to rip off your clothes and daub yourself with mud alongside 12,000 neo-pagans, ravers, hippies and eccentrics of all types. Arty performance meets out-and-out exhibitionism in a far-out fusion in the middle of nowhere, a city of tents and make-shift shelters materialising overnight on the huge dried-out lakebed. The festival culminates in the ritualistic burning of a four-storey tall effigy, rather like the one in Edward Woodward's finest hour, *The Wicker Man*. Except there's nothing in it but some petrol-soaked straw.

UPSIDE: This must have been what it was like to be an original hippy, know what I mean, maaaaan

DOWNSIDE: Who forgot to bring the soap maaaaan?

TOP TIP: You don't need acid, it's weird enough without





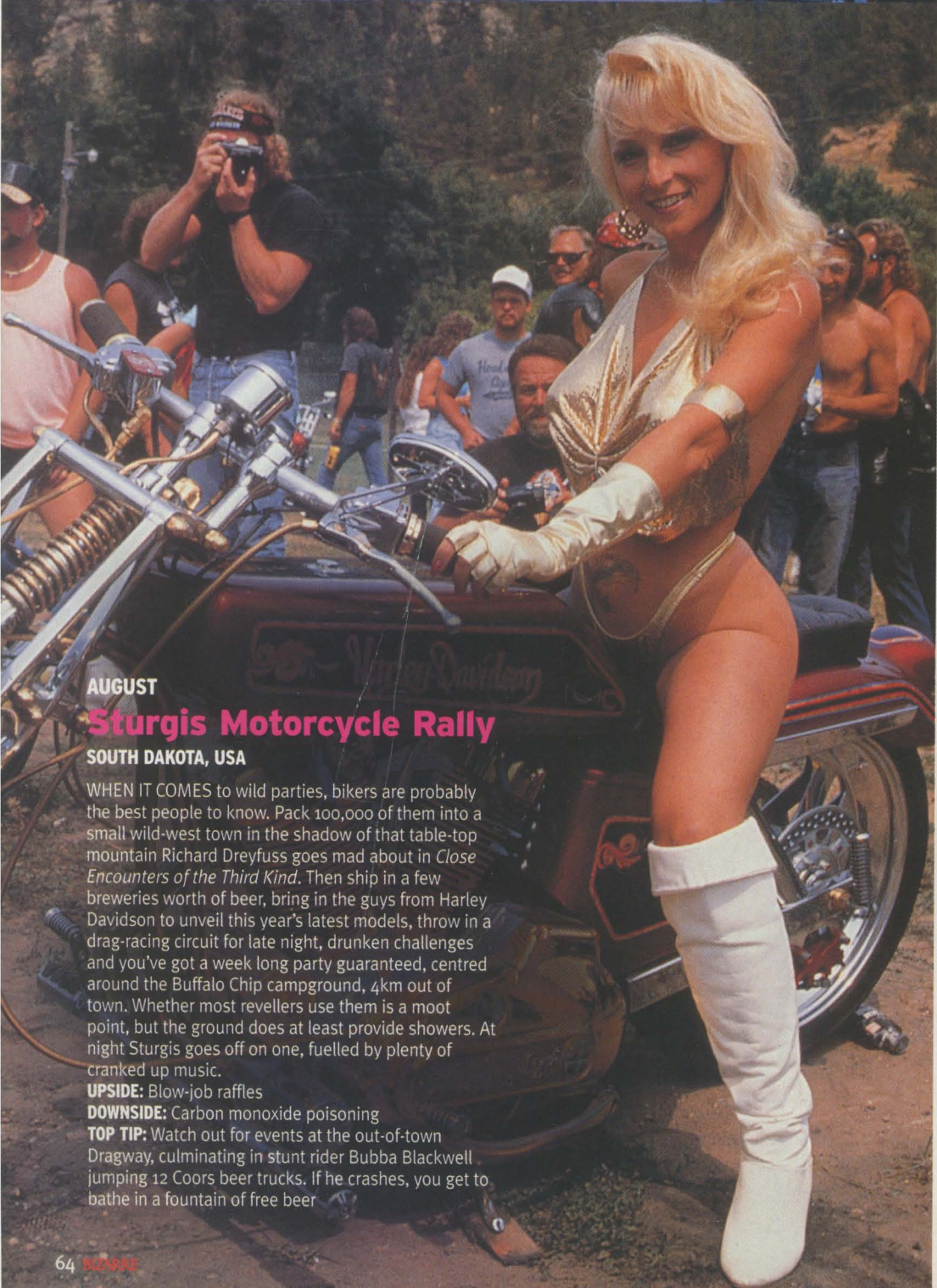
SEPTEMBER
Todd River Regatta
ALICE SPRINGS, AUSTRALIA

YOU CAN KEEP your Henley Regatta. In the burning middle of Australia they recreate the classic English gathering, but without any water. Instead men with little boats held up with braces run around and have races, culminating with the Great Sea Battle. This is the grand finale where four-wheel-drive 'battleships' loaded to the gunwales with rat-arsed crew members pummel each other with water cannons and flour bombs. The whole thing quickly deteriorates into a chaotic free-for-all.

UPSIDE: Free food if you keep your mouth open wide enough

DOWNSIDE: Getting flour paste out of your smalls afterwards

TOP TIP: You may not want to wear your best clothing to watch the Great Sea Battle



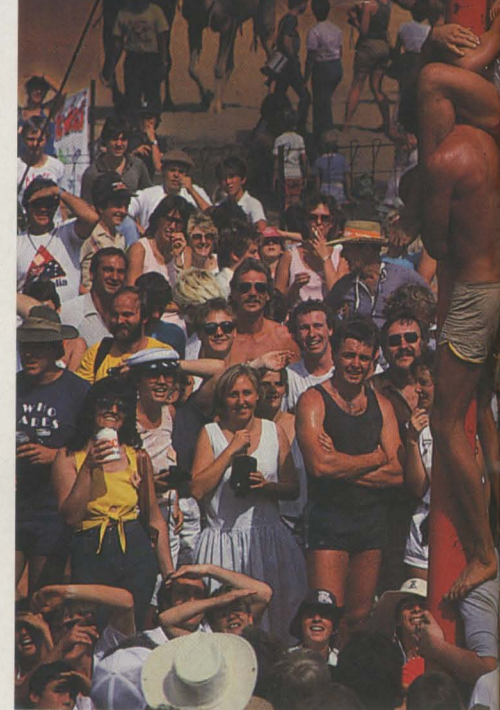
AUGUST
Sturgis Motorcycle Rally
SOUTH DAKOTA, USA

WHEN IT COMES to wild parties, bikers are probably the best people to know. Pack 100,000 of them into a small wild-west town in the shadow of that table-top mountain Richard Dreyfuss goes mad about in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Then ship in a few breweries worth of beer, bring in the guys from Harley Davidson to unveil this year's latest models, throw in a drag-racing circuit for late night, drunken challenges and you've got a week long party guaranteed, centred around the Buffalo Chip campground, 4km out of town. Whether most revellers use them is a moot point, but the ground does at least provide showers. At night Sturgis goes off on one, fuelled by plenty of cranked up music.

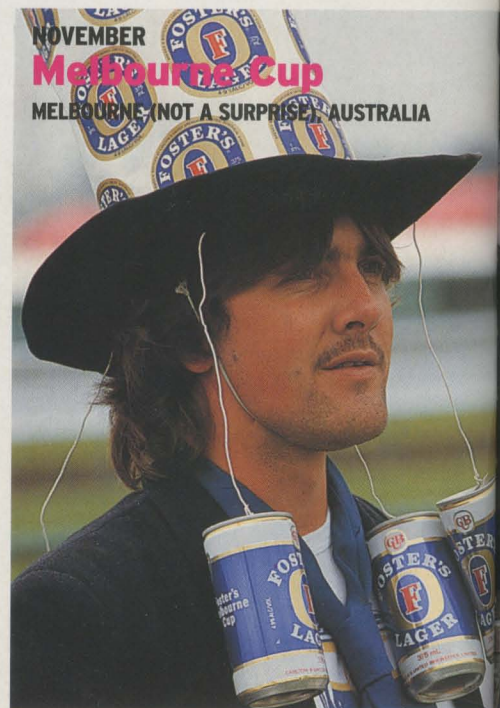
UPSIDE: Blow-job raffles

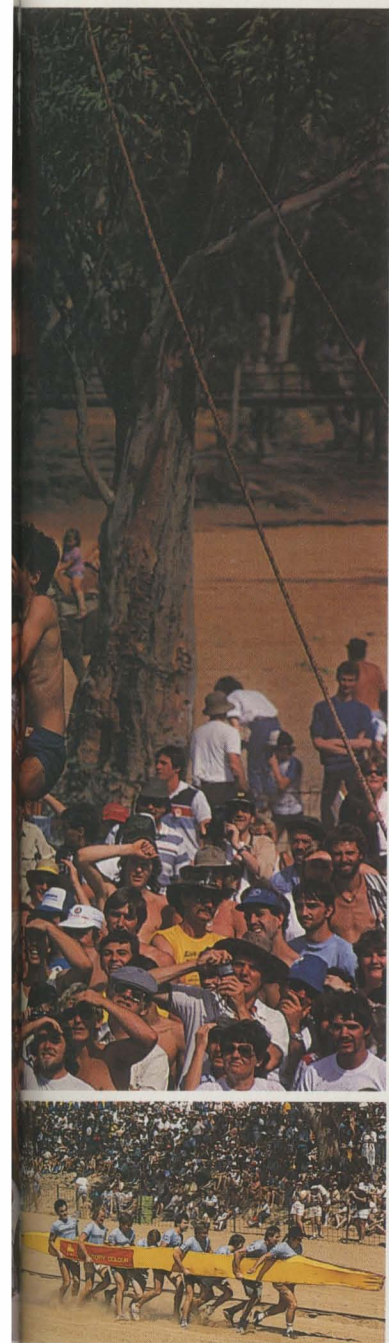
DOWNSIDE: Carbon monoxide poisoning

TOP TIP: Watch out for events at the out-of-town Dragway, culminating in stunt rider Bubba Blackwell jumping 12 Coors beer trucks. If he crashes, you get to bathe in a fountain of free beer



NOVEMBER
Melbourne Cup
MELBOURNE (NOT A SURPRISE), AUSTRALIA





OCTOBER Oktoberfest

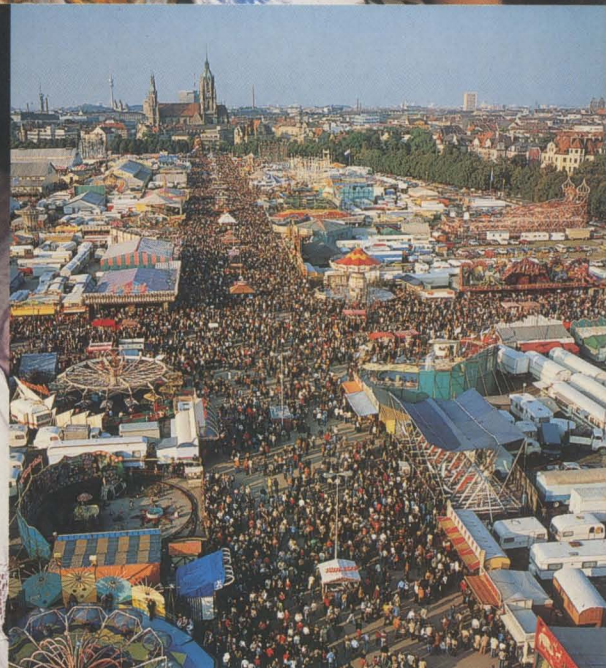
MUNICH, GERMANY

THINK OF THE busiest piss-up at your local pub, multiply it by ten, add some busty women in peasant blouses, and you're getting close to the feel of the Munich Oktoberfest. Everything's big: the beer halls are cavernous, the beer steins are capacious, and the waitresses are extremely well-endowed. It's attended by a motley selection of American GIs, backpacking Aussies and Kiwis and inebriated locals. To impress anyone you'll have to make a complete arse of yourself. Best way to do this is

by trying to join the 100 Club, which involves drinking 100 film canisters full of beer in 100 minutes without going to the toilet. Sounds easier than it is, and soon degenerates into an orgy of filth as the contenders, both male and female, give up the ghost and piss, shit or even ejaculate on the judges.

UPSIDE: Beer, beer and more beer
DOWNSIDE: Spending half your visit in the toilet getting rid of the litres and litres of beer you've drunk

TOP TIP: Give the waitress at least 1DM tip for every beer she serves you to ensure she comes back with more refills



EVERY FIRST TUESDAY in November, 90,000 Australians who for the rest of the year have no interest in horse racing cram into Flemington racecourse to watch the Melbourne Cup... Or rather to be seen watching the Melbourne Cup. Most of them won't actually see a horse or even the course, they'll be too busy scoffing buns and drinking champagne in a tent. Last year they managed to down over 10,000 bottles of champagne and



30,000 litres of beer. However if you can't make it to Flemington but are anywhere else in Australia you'll probably find yourself invited to a Melbourne Cup party anyway.

UPSIDE: Excuse to wear a ridiculous hat
DOWNSIDE: Not being able to see the race because of people in stupid hats

TOP TIP: If you take binoculars you can craftily check out the two-legged talent at long distance as well as the horses



DECEMBER Schoolies Week

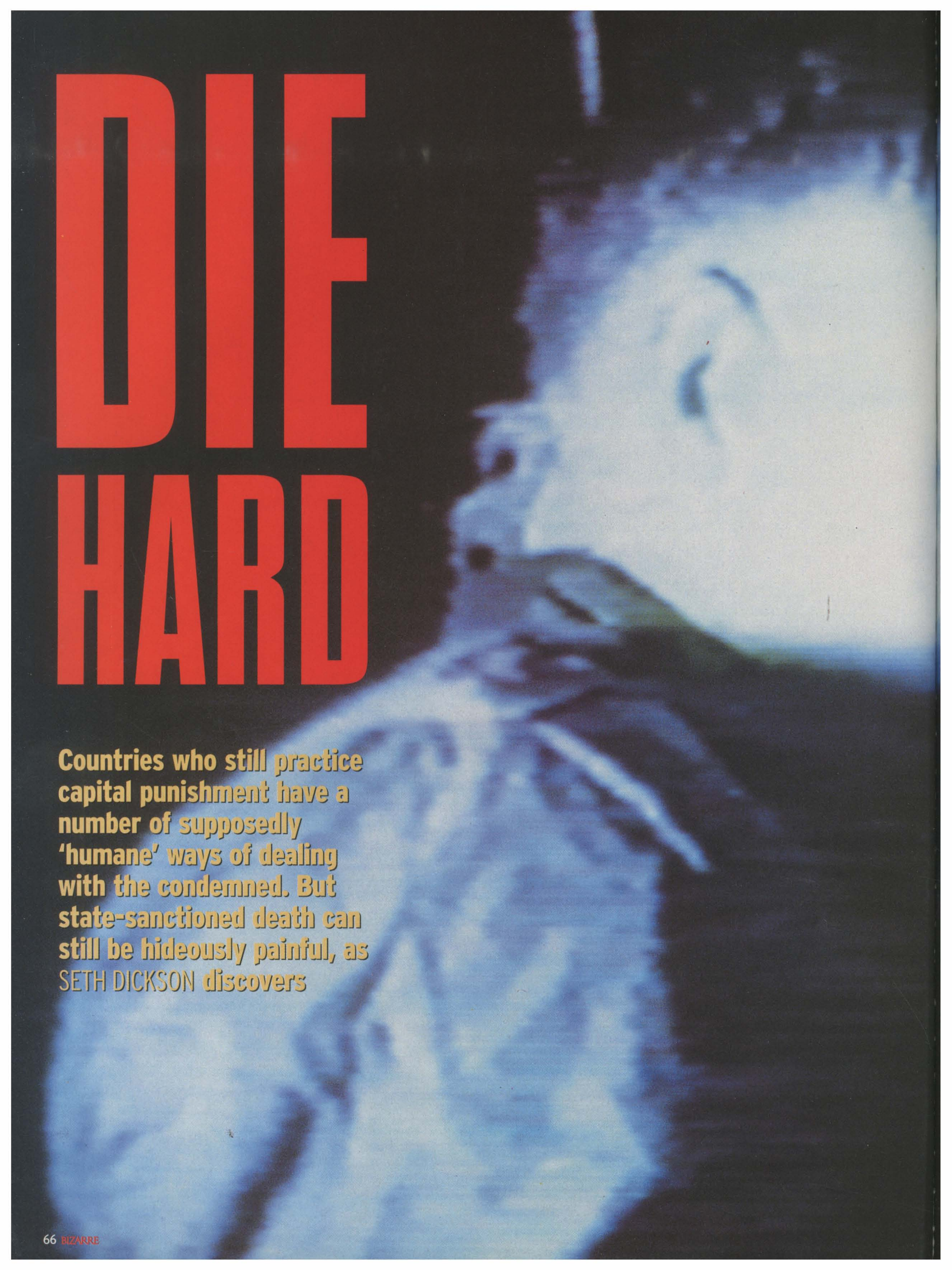
Gold Coast, Australia

AUSTRALIAN STUDENTS celebrate the end of term with an orgy of debauched drinking, partying and screwing in the resorts that are the continent's equivalent of Ibiza. There are concerts on the Main Beach, and the clubs on Cavill Avenue, the main drag, are jumping every night of the week.

UPSIDE: Great if you like nubile co-eds

DOWNSIDE: But so do thousands of strapping male co-eds sharing the resort with you

TOP TIP: Schoolies Week has an undeserved reputation for violence, so it doesn't attract too many tourists. Therefore exotic foreign blokes are at a premium



DIE HARD

Countries who still practice capital punishment have a number of supposedly 'humane' ways of dealing with the condemned. But state-sanctioned death can still be hideously painful, as SETH DICKSON discovers

BACK IN YE OLDEN DAYS, WE USED TO KILL wrong-doers by chopping them into pieces, dropping them in boiling oil or suspending them in cages until they starved to death. But no longer. We have nice clean, painless and humane ways of executing people now, right?

Wrong! Of all the methods used for capital punishment worldwide, only one causes minimal pain, distress and fear in the victim, according to the ground-breaking research of Dr Harold Hillman, Amnesty International lecturer and author of *The Possible Pain Experienced During Execution By Different Methods*. This study gives us a much better idea of quite how far we've come since the days when criminals were hung, drawn and quartered.

HANGING

If Britain ever re-introduced the death penalty we would start by hanging people again. It's the second most popular method of offing criminals (78 countries were doing it in 1989 according to Amnesty International reports).

What happens?

In 'civilised' countries, the condemned is weighed the day before they're due to be executed and a sandbag used while the hangman works out the length of 'drop' needed to fracture or dislocate their spinal column. The prisoner's hands and feet are tied and a blindfold or hood applied before the noose is carefully placed over the head – bad placement can result in slow strangulation. When the noose tightens the victim's face goes bright red and swells, their tongue protrudes, the bowels and bladder usually empty, and their limbs jerk violently due to spinal reflex.

How do you die?

Broken neck, or slow asphyxiation if things go wrong. Even during a 'successful' hanging the heart can continue beating for 20 minutes.

How painful is it?

If you break your spine you stop feeling from the neck down – but the skin above the rope still registers sensation, as do the swollen blood vessels of the head. And being strangled is no fun either.

SHOOTING

A total of 86 countries shoot their evil-doers, making it top of the execution pops. But Britain has always rejected firing squads because they don't guarantee our first prerequisite for legal murder – a certain end result.

What happens?

Some countries use a single bullet (psychologically strenuous for the gunman) fired at very



close range, but the majority use the traditional firing squad of up to 30 men who aim for the head or chest of the blindfolded prisoner.

How do you die?

A single bullet to the head destroys the bit of the brain (the central medulla) that tells your heart to beat and your lungs to breathe, causing a quick death. With a firing squad the same thing happens when the head is the target, it's just messier if 30 bullets hit it. Shots to the chest rupture the heart, lungs and major blood vessels, causing death by massive blood loss.

How painful is it?

When a bullet enters your chest it creates a carrot shaped cavity because it releases a huge amount of energy which boils the fat and water in your body. A gunshot feels like the mother of all punches. The pain comes after a few seconds, according to survivors – so let's hope your chest's completely shredded and you've passed out from loss of blood by this stage.

BEHEADING

Six countries use this method of execution – most of the same ones as stone people to death. They variously use the sword, axe, and the guillotine.

What happens?

Victims are usually blindfolded and instructed to kneel with their head on some sort of supporting device. Because the neck's actually very tough to cut through, the executioner needs something to cut against. Several blows are often needed to sever the head.

How do you die?

The massive amount of blood loss causes unconsciousness and starves the brain of oxygen.

How painful is it?

Immensely, but not for long. Pain travels to the brain in a second but ►



TOP OF THE CHOPS*

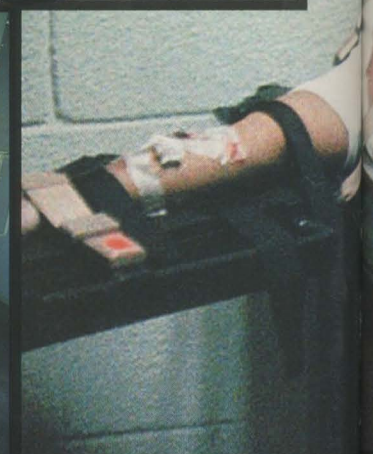
1	China	3,500+
2	Ukraine	167
3	Russian Federation	140
4	Turkmenistan	128
5	Iran	110
6	Iraq	100+
7	Saudi Arabia	69
8	USA	45
9	Singapore	38
10 =	Burundi	24
	Belarus	24

* Figures taken from the Amnesty International Report, 1997. A subscription to Amnesty costs just £21 a year. Write to David Bull, Director, Amnesty International, 99-119 Rosebery Avenue, London EC1R 4RE for a subscription or mail info@ai-uk.gn.apc.org. Check out the Amnesty web site at <http://www.oneworld.org/amnesty/>

THE GUILLOTINE

Everyone associates the guillotine with the French revolution when aristocrats were speedily offed by the masses – it was introduced as a cheap and easy way of dealing with a lot of executions by Dr Guillotin, deputy for Paris. The committee appointed to look into how painful it was concluded: “This apparatus would not be felt and would hardly be perceptible.” But the instrument itself is much older; some historians date it back to Roman times. When introduced, the authorities were worried about the reaction of the crowd to their giant wooden frame, painted the dull red of dried blood. But rather than being horrified the large crowds who gathered to see this new form of death-dealing were disillusioned according to the newspapers: “The people... were not at all satisfied; they had seen nothing; the affair was too rapid.”

At the time scientists were fascinated by whether any of the executed continued to feel after their heads were removed. When Charlotte Corday, who killed revolutionary leader Jean-Paul Marat was executed, the executioner's assistant Francois le Gros picked up her head by the hair and slapped her cheek. Several eyewitnesses saw not one but both cheeks flush red, as though in anger... And so for the next 200 years French doctors devoted a lot of time and effort to researching whether the head lived on after it was cut off. This involved such scientific endeavours as shouting loudly in the ears of decapitated heads and watching to see if there was any flicker of recognition on their features, and pumping blood from a living dog through a three hour old head and watching its eyelids flicker.



Of all the methods used for capital punishment worldwide,

the brain has up to seven seconds of oxygen to keep going (and feeling) after the blood supply is cut off. Of course, if it takes half a dozen cuts the pain will be prolonged.

STONING

The governments of Iran, Mauritania, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Afghanistan, United Arab Emirates and Yemen front and centre please. Put your hands up to using the slowest and most traumatic method of execution, stoning.

What happens?

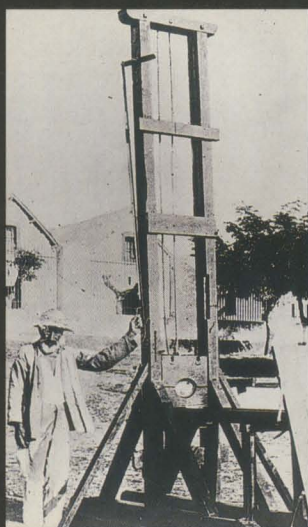
The victim's bound hand and foot and buried up to the neck in sand. They're covered with a sheet and 'injured parties' plus anyone who happens to be hanging around throw specially selected stones at their head until they stop moving and screaming. According to Article 119 of the Islamic Codes of Iran (1980): “In the punishment of stoning to death, the stones should not be too large, so that a person dies on being hit by one or two...; they should not be too small either that they could not be defined as stones.”

How do you die?

External wounds and internal brain haemorrhaging cause enough blood loss and brain damage to kill you.

How painful is it?

You imagine being buried in hot sand, waiting to feel the first rock hit your head, listening to the near misses thud into the ground a few inches away... apart from this psychological torture you get cut over and over again, bones may be broken, and you suffer dehydration and heat exhaustion, depending on how good the 'injured parties's aim is.



GASSING

A few US states think gassing's less traumatic than the electric chair. Since 1921 they've been trying variations on this theme for executions in Nevada, among others.

What happens?

The condemned is strapped to a chair in an airtight room, much as for electrocution. A bucket of sulphuric acid is put in front of them with sodium cyanide crystals suspended over it, linked to an external lever. When the crystals are released the chemical reaction releases cyanide gas. The prisoner is usually told to 'take a whiff' to speed up the process but must try to hold their breaths.

How do you die?

Cyanide kills you by stopping cytochrome oxidase, an enzyme involved in the respiratory process. So in effect you suffocate slowly.

How painful is it?

Probably immensely. Acute cyanide poisoning makes you dizzy, give you a headache, causes vomiting and cramping, and hyperventilation, among other things.

ELECTROCUTION

America's favourite method of dealing with murderers on death row, introduced in the 1890s after accidental deaths among domestic users.

What happens?

The prisoner's head and leg are shaved, they're strapped into the chair by arms, legs, groin and chest. Electrocuted prisoners sometimes spasm so violently they dislocate



only one causes minimal distress, pain and fear in the victim

joints. A metal skullcap lined with saline-dampened sponge is strapped to their head and electrodes are fastened to their leg. When the warder pulls the switch 6-12 amps at 2000-3000 volts jolt through their body for about 30 seconds. Sometimes several jolts are required. Electric shock often makes the bowels and bladder empty and causes tissues to swell and burst. The skin around the electrodes burns and blackens, and the brain boils.

How do you die?

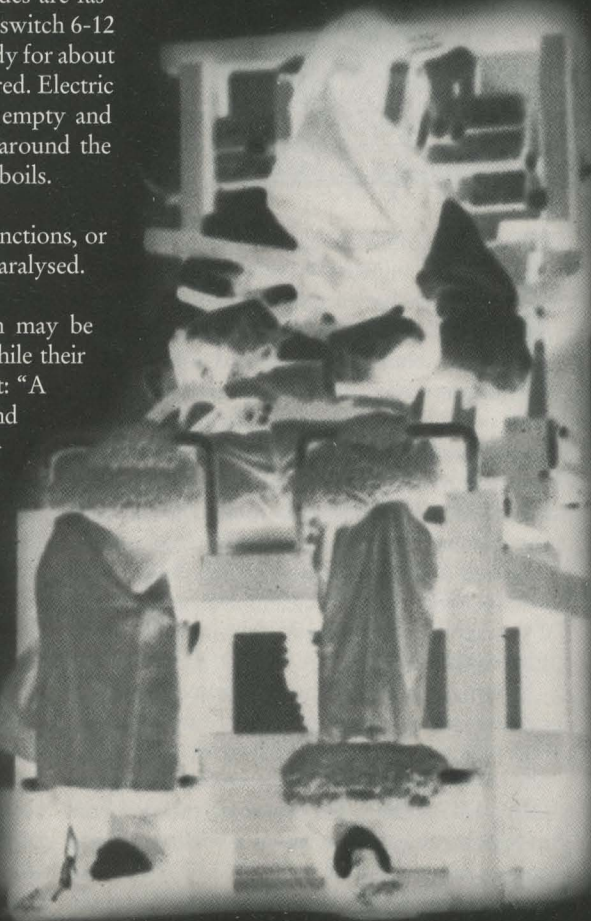
Either heat shuts down the brain's central functions, or you suffocate as your respiratory system is paralysed.

How painful is it?

Research shows that the condemned person may be conscious but unable to move for minutes while their breathing stops. As Dr Hillman himself put it: "A prisoner being electrocuted is paralysed and asphyxiated but almost certainly is fully conscious and sentient. He feels himself being burnt to death while he is conscious of his inability to breathe. It must feel very similar to the medieval trial by ordeal of being dropped into boiling oil."

LETHAL INJECTION

A latecomer to the execution stakes, lethal injection is just about the only method in use today which provides a peaceful and relatively painless way to die for the condemned so long as they co-operate. First introduced in the



States in 1977, it is used in countries like the Philippines.

What happens?

The prisoner is bound to a trolley and a medic puts a line into their vein. Three drugs are introduced: an anaesthetic to render the subject unconscious in 10-15 seconds, a muscle relaxant, and then potassium chloride.

How do you die?

Muscle relaxant paralyses your lungs, potassium chloride stops your heart, while unconscious.

How painful is it?

Unless the medic has a lot of trouble getting the needle in, the procedure's nowhere near as stressful or painful as other methods of execution.

Amnesty International reports that during last year, 4,485 prisoners were executed in 41 countries. Four countries alone account for the majority (92%) of executions reported: China (3,500); the Ukraine (167); the Russian Federation (140) and Iran (110).

There are presently 98 countries which retain the death penalty, despite research which finds nothing to substantiate it as a deterrent. While such ideas of crime and punishment still hold sway, the 'mercy seat' will still be waiting. **B**

Photography by Jeff Rotman



No, the Matses are not cannibals. This is a sloth being prepared for dinner

Justified



Anaconda: slightly more scary than the rubber one in the film

Deep in the Peruvian Amazon, the Matses Indians use secretions from tree frogs as both medicine and magic hunting aid. Oh, and to get off their trolleys, of course. PETER GORMAN was the first Westerner to experience the weird powers of *sapo*

THEY CAN MOVE like the wind and talk with the animals." In the remote Amazonian jungle, between the borders of Peru and Brazil, I'm talking with their nearest neighbours about the mysterious Matses tribe, whose way of life is like no other. A small, semi-nomadic hunting people, they have no ceremonies or religious beliefs, produce nothing for trade, and have virtually no contact with their neighbours. They know the jungle's secrets; and the greatest one of all concerns an electric-green tree frog (*Physollmedusa bicolour*), which they call *dow-kiet!*. From the frog's skin comes *sapo*, a powerful hallucinogenic drug central to the tribe's existence.

I first encountered the Matses in 1984, on a research trip. My guide Moises, a former military man who specialised in jungle survival, had once been part of a force sent to contain the tribe, and had been astounded by their courage in fighting automatic weaponry with spears and arrows. He had since come to respect their ways and had become friends with some of them. He

insisted I would be foolish to miss out on the chance of meeting them.

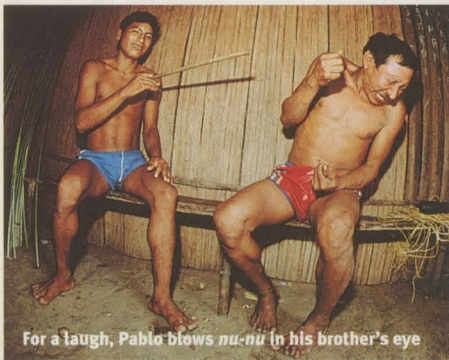
The first Matses I met was a young warrior, carrying bow and arrows, his mouth tattooed and his face adorned with what looked like cat's whiskers. He came to the camp to borrow our gun and returned, later in the day, carrying two wounded adult monkeys and a baby, one of which he gave us as payment. We watched from a distance as he gave the other to a woman, who began to roast it live, oblivious to its screams. The baby he gave to a nursing mother who put it to her spare breast. This combination of cruelty and compassion taught me more about the jungle than anything I had previously imagined.

But it wasn't until a return visit in 1986 that I was initiated into the use of *sapo*. Moises and I had visited a remote camp which was home to Pablo, Moises' closest friend amongst the Matses, along with his four wives and their 22 children. After a dinner of roast sloth, Pablo produced an old brown beer bottle and a hollow reed tube. From the bottle he poured a fine green

ancients of *Nu-Nu*



The sloth dies screaming: campfire fun in Amazonia



For a laugh, Pablo blows *nu-nu* in his brother's eye



Gaze upon the face of a man who has over-indulged in tree frog glands

When the *nu-nu* hit, it seemed to explode inside my face. I began to have visions of animals racing past me

powder into his hand and worked it into one end of the tube. Pablo's brother, Alberto, put the other end of the tube up to his nose and Pablo blew the powder into his nostrils, repeating the process several times.

Moises explained that the powder was *nu-nu*, the drug the Matses hunters used to give them visions of where to hunt. I was sceptical, until Pablo put the reed up my nose and blew... When the *nu-nu* hit, it seemed to explode inside my face. My nose felt on fire and I began to choke up a nasty green phlegm. But the pain subsided quickly, and when I closed my eyes I began to have visions of animals – monkeys, tapirs, wild boar. Suddenly, the boars stampeded in front of me. As I saw them thunder past, several began to fall. Moments later, the vision faded, and a pleasant kind of drunkenness washed over me.

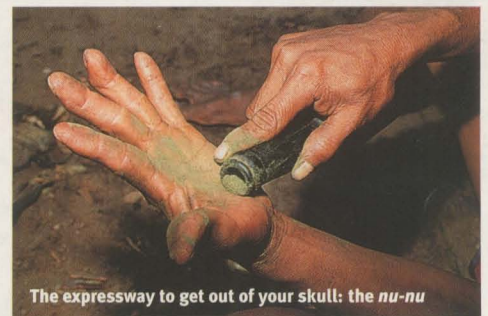
Moises asked me whether I recognised the place where the vision occurred, and I did; it was where we had eaten earlier that day. He asked what time it was in the vision, and I put it at early morning, between 7 and 8 am. In spite of the fact

I was sure this was a mere hallucination, Moises told the Matses what I'd seen.

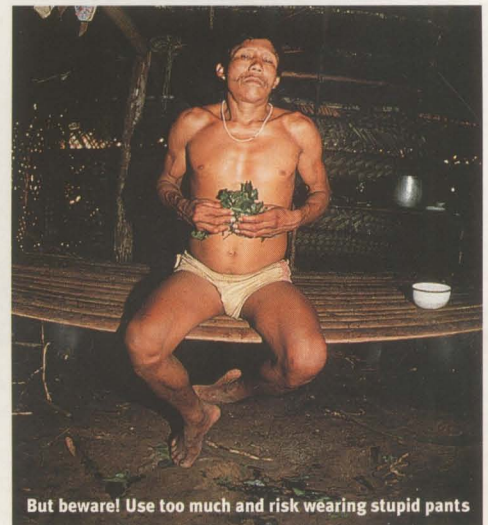
At dawn the next day, we piled into our boat and headed towards the spot I'd described. As we neared it, I was astounded to hear the roar of dozens of boars charging across the river in front of us. We jumped out of the boat and gave chase, cornering several in a large hollowed log and strangling them with nooses made from vines. I asked Pablo how the *nu-nu* had worked its vision. He replied that the powder had put me in touch with the spirits of the animals. It was the only explanation I have ever received.

THE MORNING AFTER the boar hunt, something still more astounding occurred. I noticed a small leaf bag hanging over a cooking fire, and asked Pablo what it was. His eyes brightened. "*Sapo*," he said.

From the bag he pulled a piece of split bamboo, covered with what appeared to be a coat of ageing varnish. "*Sapo*," he repeated, scraping a little of the material from the stick and mixing ►



The expressway to get out of your skull: the *nu-nu*



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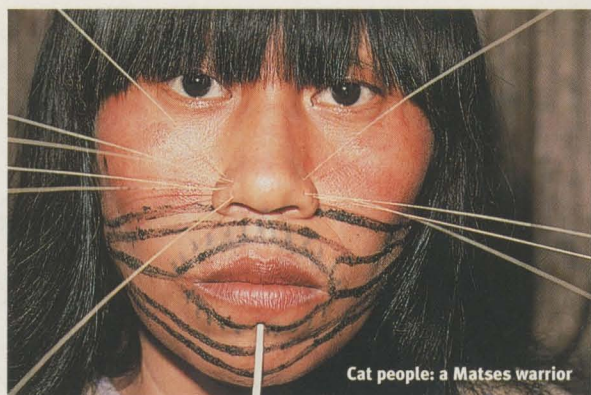
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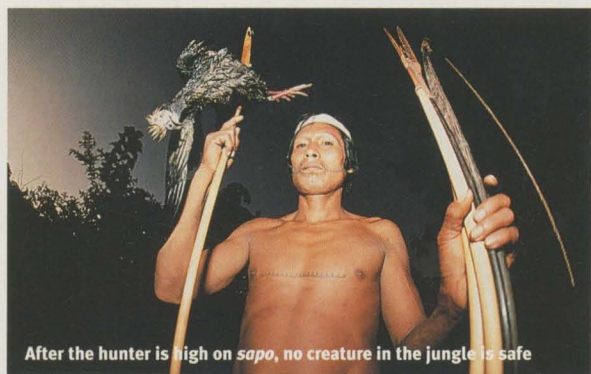
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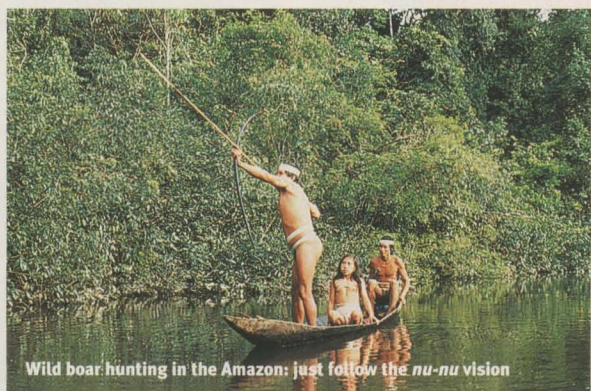
S511



Cat people: a Matsigenka warrior



After the hunter is high on *sapo*, no creature in the jungle is safe



Wild boar hunting in the Amazon: just follow the *nu-nu* vision



Tracking the frog: the Matsigenka go for a rumble in the jungle

It was as if taking the *sapo* had put all the rhythms of the jungle into my blood

it with his spit. When he had finished, it had the consistency and colour of green mustard. Suddenly he pulled a smouldering twig from the fire, grabbed my left wrist and burned the inside of my forearm. I tried to pull away, but he gripped my wrist tightly.

Remembering the extraordinary experience of the *nu-nu*, I stopped struggling as Pablo burned my arm a second time. He scraped away the burned skin, then rubbed a little of the *sapo* onto the exposed areas. Instantly, my body began to burn up from the inside, and I was sweating profusely. My blood raced, my heart pounded; I became acutely aware of every vein and artery. My stomach cramped and I vomited violently, then lost control of my bodily functions and began to urinate and defecate.

I found myself growling and moving around on all fours, feeling as though animals were passing through my body; a fantastic sensation that lasted only seconds, until I could think of nothing but the rushing of my blood. This 'quicken-ing' lasted for perhaps 15 minutes, while the pain became so unbearable I wished I could just die. When it finally subsided, I was overcome with exhaustion and fell asleep where I lay.

Hours later I awoke with heightened senses: I could listen in to conversations between Pablo's wives, 20 yards away. I felt immensely strong, larger than life. During the next few days that strength didn't diminish. I could go days without being hungry or thirsty, and move through the jungle for hours without tiring. It was as if the *sapo* had put the rhythm of the jungle into my blood. I could see animals before they saw me, and could tell which plants were dangerous and which were not. Pablo told me that much larger doses of *sapo* can make a hunter invisible to some animals by eliminating human odour.

The women sometimes used *sapo* as well. Applied to the inside of the wrist, it could determine whether a woman was pregnant or not. And during the later stages of pregnancy it could be used to determine the sex and the health of the foetus. If an unhealthy foetus was detected, the woman would be given a large dose to induce a miscarriage.

When I asked Pablo how the Matsigenka learned about *sapo*, he said the *dow-kiet!* told them. Two years later, I found out how. The Matsigenka attract the frogs by mimicking their barking mating call. Then, when they have captured a few, they tie

them to a tiny frame of twigs and rub between their centre toes, which makes them secrete *sapo*. The frog isn't hurt by the process, and, once all its *sapo* has been collected, it is released.

Sapo is an amazing cocktail of drugs which could have huge benefits as a medicine. The analgesic effect could benefit patients suffering from renal colic, bad circulation and even cancer, while the peptides within it were so effective in diluting blood vessels that they may make an important contribution to developing treatments for AIDS and Alzheimer's sufferers.

Unfortunately, while science catches up to the natural medicines of tribal people, time is running out. Pablo was the only man left in his dwindling tribe who knew how to draw out the *dow-kiet!* and harvest the *sapo*. We have no way of knowing how many other medicines the Matsigenka – and others – once used but abandoned. We do know that nearly 80% of the world's population relies on natural medicines, and investigations into just a tiny portion of them has already provided us with hundreds of vital drugs, from aspirin to quinine. It remains to be seen whether the West will recognise *sapo* as a medical breakthrough before it's too late. ■

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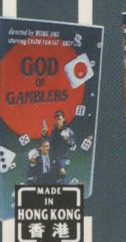
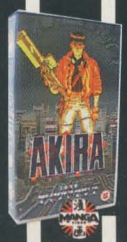
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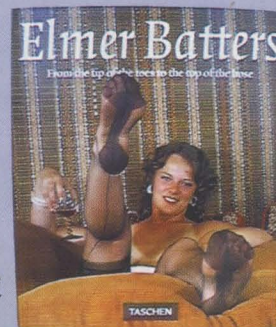
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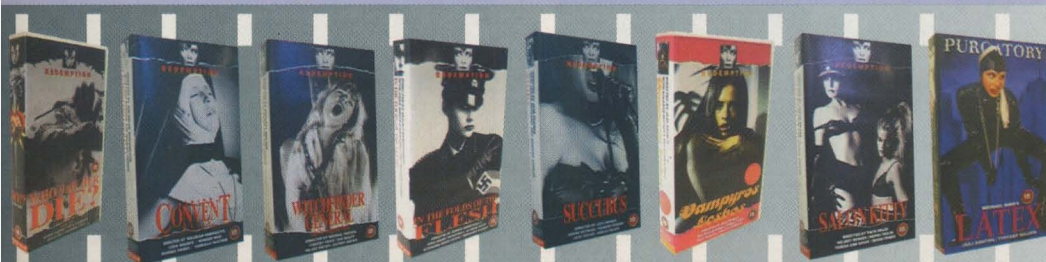
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21-24 70-75
18-21 65-70
16-18 60-65
13-16 55-60

Nurse!

This one wins the usefulness stakes hands down. It is made up of heat sensitive liquid crystal and changes colour according to the ambient temperature. Also you can stick it under your arm to work out if you're sick. Totally brilliant.

\$2 from the Museum of Science, Science Park, Boston, MA tel 02114 1099. Or the Damert Company tel 1-800 231 3722 for stockists

Really useful

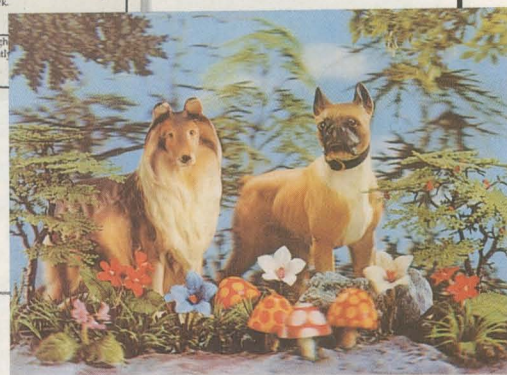
A must for all the anal retentives out there is this highly informative card detailing the design of plug sockets from Chile to Timbuktu. Mmmmm, useful. 60p from The ICA, as before

Socket Shape	Non-Grounded	Grounded	Description/Region
A			Used in Western Hemisphere, North & Central Pacific. Non-grounded plug is valuable for adapting polarized plugs to non-polarized sockets.
B		Socket is non-grounded only	Common in Great Britain, parts of Africa and Middle East as bathroom 'shaver' plug.
C			Generally found in Great Britain and in her present and former colonies.
D			Most common plug pattern in the world, including Continental Europe. Our exclusive 4.0mm prongs also ground in hard-to-fit Eastern Europe sockets.
E			Encountered throughout the South Pacific, Australia, New Zealand, China and Argentina.
F			Found in countries of Indian Subcontinent, Hong Kong, former British colonies, Africa.
H			Used almost exclusively in South Africa. Only available adaptor plug is grounded.
I			All of Italy uses this pattern, as does Ethiopia, and much of Chile.
J			Design is unique to Israel, primarily in modern cities.
K			The plug shape pattern found throughout Denmark.
S			Used throughout that are tight!



3-D woofers

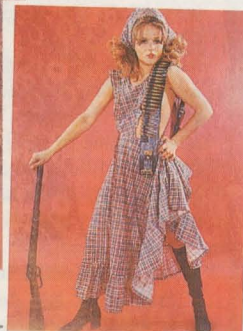
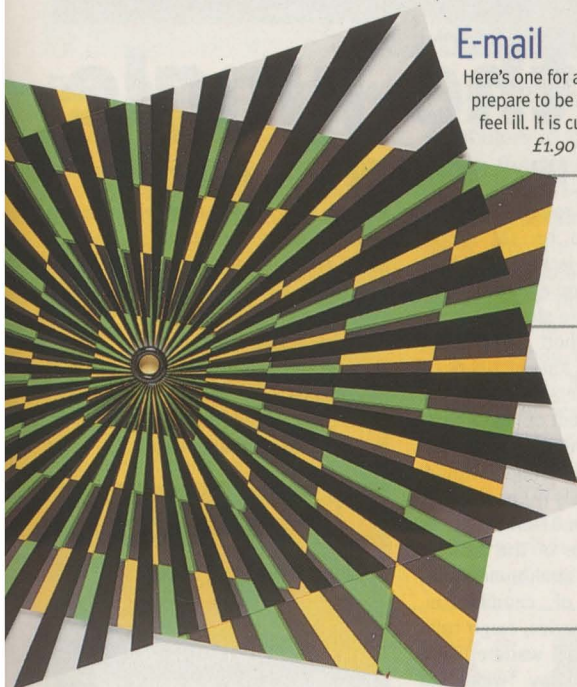
This one's a beauty: it's 3-D, it's kitsch, it's got pedigree dogs and even magic mushrooms. Definitely one to blow your grandma's mind. £1.80 from The ICA, as before



E-mail

Here's one for all you acid heads out there. Spin the top layer and prepare to be amazed with an optical illusion guaranteed to make you feel ill. It is curiously entitled Ecstasy Card.

£1.90 from Wong Singh Jones as before

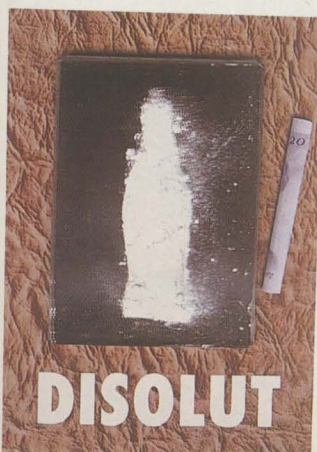


Double D

Two cards for the price of one! Glance at this one way and it's a bird with tartan headscarf and smock wielding a rifle. Then look the other way and surprise surprise! It's a naked blonde in a poorly decorated bathroom. £1.80 from The ICA, as before

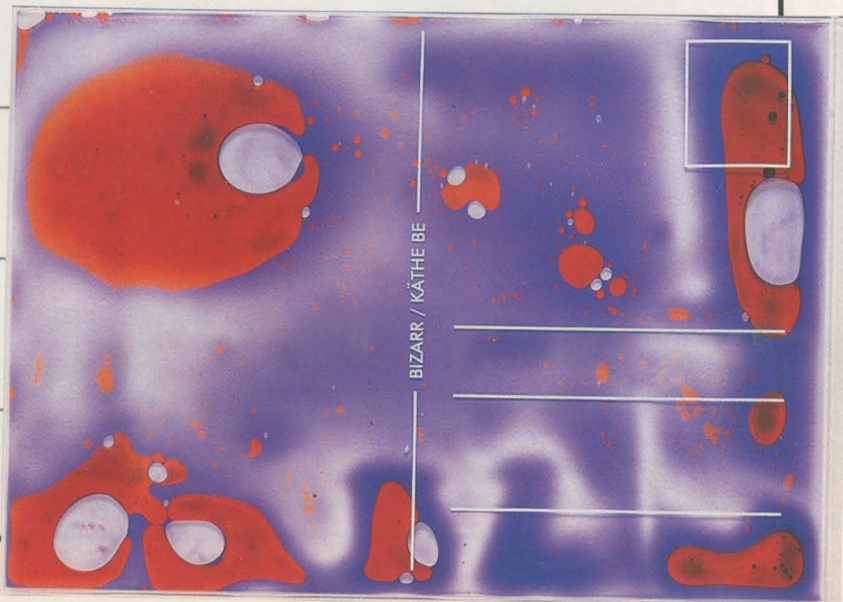
Tower of powder

It would not be advisable to send this one to a. your mother, b. your uncle who is in the CID or c. Sid Owen. 55p from Alchemy, The Culture Shop, 261 Portobello Road, London, W11 1LR, tel 0171 792 0166



Daytripper

The postcard equivalent of the lava lamp, oily liquids sealed between two sheets of plastic, and supposedly Post Office proof, although we wouldn't put our shirt on it. £1.90 from Wong Singh Jones as before



VIDEOS YOU SHOULD SEE BEFORE YOU DIE

LITECLUB



The idea for this video of illuminatory fun came to inventor Nick Velissarides after he'd fallen asleep in front of the telly. The *LiteClub* is friend to the house party and foe of the epileptic. Stick it in your video, kill the lights, pump up the volume. The less technically adept amongst you would be forgiven for thinking that it is, in some way, BPM responsive. Out now; £13.99 inc. p&p from ProCreate Ltd, PO Box 10200, London SW4 9ZD. PAL only

SHUTEN DOJI - STAR HAND KID 2



Gird your loins! The ultimate battle between good and evil has begun. Jiro, the ever-so-nice boy-next-door has discovered that his ancestry includes a bunch of dark lords. Assembling a crew of well 'ard mates, he goes on a mission to pummel the living daylights out of the evil ones. Pick a random subtitle like: 'Son of a bitch. Flying monster heads', and it gives you a pretty good idea of the visual intrigue. Out 8 June; £12.99; AD Vision

WU-TANG CLAN - DA MYSTERY OF KUNG-FU



"The Wu is the way, the Tang is the slang, the Clan is the family." Word up! Lyrical assassins The GZA, Chef Raekwon, Method Man, Ol' Dirty Bastard and the Wu-Tang Posse talk about how Ku-Fu flicks, along with getting drunk and smoking bones, have influenced their music. The discipline of Ku-Fu mirrors the kind of ethics they respect, having lived on "the wrong side of the board."

Out now; £12.99; MIA Video

CRASH



Deemed scandalous and deviant, *Crash* is ideal BIZARRE family entertainment. Based on JG Ballard's seminal 1973 novel, David Cronenberg makes eroticising car crashes seem logical. The controversy surrounding the film has root in the fear of copy-cat behaviour - but from the mouth of the creator himself: "*Crash* has been seen by 700,000 people in France and traffic statistics have remained constant." So I think we'll still be able to get behind the wheel without undue concern.

To rent from 17 June

To Have and To Hold



Rumble in the jungle

Follow fine Australian film-maker John Hillcoat into the heart of darkness

REMEMBER THE immortal opening lines of *Apocalypse Now!* - "Saigon. Shit. I'm still only in Saigon. Every time I think I'm gonna wake up back in the jungle"? Do you remember, also, the dangerously drunk Martin Sheen beating himself up in his sweat-soaked room? If you do, you'll be able to visualise the sticky claustrophobia which frames *To Have and To Hold*, a tale of darkly obsessional love directed by John Hillcoat, the Australian auteur behind 1988's prison classic *Ghosts... of the Civil Dead*.

Jack, played with a consummate mix of tenderness and destructive inner turmoil by Tcheky Karyo, the lantern-jawed secret service agent in Jean Luc Besson's *Nikita*, lives on the banks of the Sepik river in Papua New Guinea. He is part of a small ex-pat community in this part of the tropical Third World who provide First World entertainment to the locals. We meet him as he mourns, with his ex-patriot companions and local friends, the death of his wife, a true love snatched from him too early.

Some years later, whilst holidaying in civilisation, Jack meets Kate (Rachel Griffiths, whose credits also include *Muriel's Wedding*), a newly successful romantic novelist. In each other they find the perfect projection screen for their respective romantic fantasies; Jack sees a replacement for his dead

wife; Kate a rugged romantic lead for her next novel, to be set in his paradisiacal home. Jack whisks Kate back to the jungle and all seems well. But as any good Bible student knows, paradise is but a short nibble away from the Fall, and as Kate munches on the apple of her fantastic desire, so Jack allows the serpent of his tortured past to coil around them both. The end of their innocence brings with it destruction and unholy truth.

Hillcoat chose Papua New Guinea as his location because of the nation's "rapidly changing environment, its dramatic history of cannibalism, missionaries, cargo cults and tribal warfare," and present day "widescale lawlessness." All these elements intentionally contribute to the intense and heady destructive ambience of the film. The director was inspired by "the raw power of the melodramas from the 1940s and 1950s", and the writer, Gene Conkie, adds: "The genre of melodrama explores personal dynamics in a domestic setting... this film takes people's psychological obsessions and puts them under the microscope."

Under the microscope is dead right. There is no break from the intensity of the narrative, the location and the lead characters, and in the final analysis this becomes a fault, making *To Have and To Hold* harder watching than the

Powell and Pressburger classics at which it aims. Nevertheless, this is tense, twisting and twisted stuff, which will strike a chord with anyone who's ever managed to get away from a destructive love affair.

To Have and To Hold will be released in July/August. The soundtrack by Nick Cave, Blixa Bargeld and Mick Harvey, is available now on Mute Records

MOST BIZARRE FILMS EVER

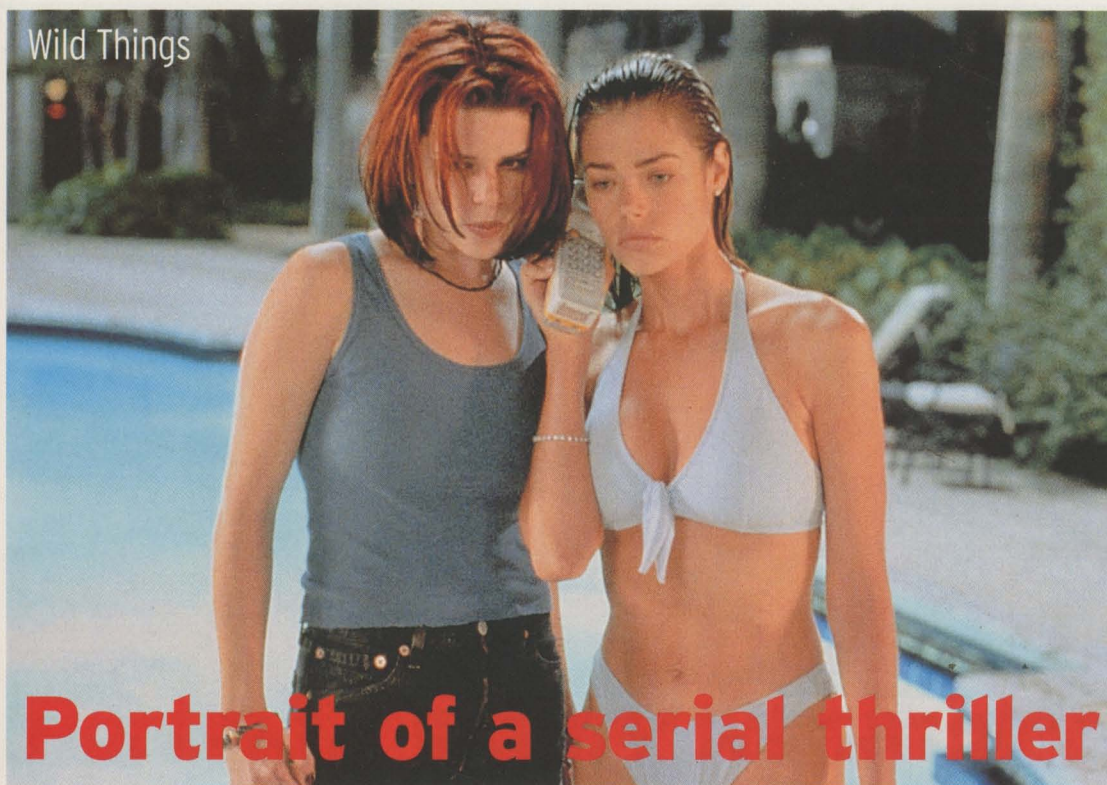
6. Even Dwarfs Started Out Small (1970)

In tribute to Hank the most beautiful dwarf in the world, our weirdest film this issue is Werner Herzog's 1970 dwarf-sploitation flick *Even Dwarves Started Small*. A group of imprisoned dwarves rebel against their absent rulers in a film devoid of Big People and featuring Herzog's bizarre cuts to footage of fighting chickens.



RONALD GRANT ARCHIVE

Wild Things



Portrait of a serial thriller

From the director of *Henry...* comes a masterful, twisted story of suspense

IT'S HARD TO reconcile the fact that *Wild Things*, a slick erotic thriller starring Matt Dillon, Kevin Bacon and Neve Campbell, was made by the same man who gave us *Henry: Portrait Of A Serial Killer*, the ultimate in grim and gritty film-making. Director John McNaughton admits: "I think I've done 'gritty' pretty well in my previous work, but if people want to see 'gritty' they can walk out their front door. I wanted this film to look big and glossy. The characters should really appear to be beautiful, which is in direct opposition to who they really are".

In 1986 McNaughton had extracted \$100,000 from two Chicago movie

distributors to make an exploitation picture they could sell to the home video market. He turned in *Henry*, a disturbing pseudo-documentary about mass murderer Henry Lee Lucas. Expecting something cheap and cheerful, the producers shelved the masterpiece for nearly three years.

Then in 1989, the film garnered rave reviews when it was shown at the Telluride Film Festival, prompting a full cinema release in the States and Europe. Here, the ever vigilant BBFC shaved seconds off *Henry...* before giving it an 18 certificate; additional cuts were made to the video version.

McNaughton has since struggled to

live up to the promise of his first flick. His second feature was *The Borrower* (1990), a lame SF comedy, followed by the disastrous Hollywood foray *Mad Dog And Glory* (1992). It's difficult to believe that any film produced by Scorsese, written by Richard Price, and starring Robert DeNiro, Bill Murray and Uma Thurman could be a dud, but this misconceived mob caper proved to be one of that year's most disappointing releases. Since this setback McNaughton has mainly worked in TV, so *Wild Things* marks an upturn in his fortunes.

McNaughton confounds expectations

The film begins when sexy rich kid Kelly Van Ryan (Denise Richards) accuses counsellor Sam Lombardo (Dillon) of rape. Protesting his innocence, Sam hires sleazy lawyer Ken Bowden (Bill Murray) to defend him. Then another schoolgirl, Suzie Toller (Campbell) also claims Lombardo assaulted her. The film appears to be shaping up into a *Jagged Edge*-style rerun, when McNaughton throws in the first of several dramatic plot twists and uptight cop Ray Duquette (Bacon) begins investigating a conspiracy involving most of the movie's main characters. To reveal more would spoil the fun; suffice to say that McNaughton confounds audience expectations, with relish.

Wild Things may go a twist too far, but the movie's steamy sex scenes, swish Florida beachfront locations, upfront performances and breakneck pacing sustain interest right up to its outrageously over-the-top finale. *Wild Things* is screening nationwide

SEXY SCHOOLGIRLS

Wild Things features hot young screen babes Neve Campbell and Denise Richards as two naughty schoolgirls; the latest in a long line of cinematic jailbait. Check out the teen temptresses in the following flicks:

The Belles Of St Trinians (1954)

First in a series of English comedies inspired by the drawings of Ronald Searle. Great character actors like Alastair Sim, Joyce Grenfell and George Cole almost play second fiddle to the film's educationally challenged hellcats, dressed in regulation stilettos, stockings and gymslips.

Reform School Girls (1957)

Innocent teen Gloria Castillo falls in with a bad crowd when she is placed in a girls' reformatory



school. Includes a fierce cat fight amongst the usual girl-on-girl depravities. Writer/Director Edward Bernds also gave us such glories as *Joy Ride* and *High School Hellcats* – what an auteur!

Teenage Bad Girl (1957)

According to the poster our heroine was 'born good with a desire to be bad. Sylvia Syms – teen and terrific in an explosive role.' Much later Syms went on to play another delinquent with a desire to be bad – Mrs Thatcher.



Sex Kittens Go To College (1960)

The B-Movie Marilyn, Mamie Van Doren, wears the tightest sweaters in the world while playing a stripper who becomes a science teacher (don't ask). Amongst her students are Mijanou (sister of Brigitte) Bardot and Tuesday Weld. Producer Albert Zugsmith had previously made the hits *High School Confidential* and *College Confidential*, which mined the same basic formula as *Sex Kittens* – crude humour, pouting young starlets and a few raunchy rock-n-roll hits.



Top 10 football sites

1. SoccerNet

<http://www.soccer.net/>

Massive site which will keep your attention rivetted for ages.

2. Susana Werner



<http://www.susana.werner.com/>

An 'interesting' look at the football-playing playboy model girlfriend of Ronaldo – even if you can't speak Portuguese.

3. Strange Soccer Stories

<http://www.i-way.co.uk/~readingfc/story.html>

Read about concussed pensioners and gun-toting fans.

4. The RSSF Archive

<http://www.risc.uni-linz.ac.at/non-official/rssf/nerssf.html>

If you wear slippers and a dressing gown and call yourself 'Statto' this is the site for you.

5. Commentary Cock-Ups

<http://easyweb.easynet.co.uk/~lloydmark/cockups.htm>

Classic Colemanballs from those men behind the microphone.

6. Ron Atkinson



<http://www.futurenet.com/footballnet/Features/Ron/Ron.html>

Big Ron, big jewellery, big suntan, big shades, big mouth (strikes again).

7. Fantasy Football online

<http://www.cybersports.co.uk/soccer/>

Fiddle with your ideal Premiership team daily.

8. Shankly Quotes

<http://www.stud.luh.hihm.no/~oivinds/quotes.html>

The tough-talking Scot speaks no more. But his 'wisdom' lingers on.

9. CarlingNet

<http://www.fa-premier.com/>



The best-looking football website there is, but not much use if you don't follow a Premiership club, or can't stand their piss-weak lager.

10. Football 365

<http://www.football365.co.uk/>

The online football newspaper that uses push/pull technology to deliver a personalised daily report compiled especially for you, about your team of choice. Sweet.

Going ape



Koko / Gorilla Foundation

Simian super highway

You can talk to anyone on the internet these days. Including gorillas

IN THE FIRST ever inter-species on-line chat, a 30-stone lowland gorilla fielded questions on the internet in San Francisco last month. Koko, the primate in question, was assisted by her interpreter, Dr Penny Patterson, who has taught the prodigal primate to communicate via sign language since 1972. She's built up an impressive vocabulary of 2,000 words and phrases during that time, and over 8,000 America Online net subscribers wanted to talk to her.

Some of Koko's answers aptly demonstrated the not-so-missing links between man and ape. When asked about her mate, Ndume, a former resident of Chicago Zoo who was renowned for throwing dung at and vomiting over visitors,

she merely replied "toilet". This is her word for bad. "She doesn't have good words to say about him today," expounded Dr Patterson. "Maybe they had a tiff."

At other times, her humour was more obscure. To the enquiry "Do you like to chat to other people?" her response was: "Fine nipple!" In keeping with this theme, when asked if she could understand love, she replied with the classic "Browse nipple drink."

She went on to expand upon her interests in watching TV, using a computer and brushing her own teeth. "Koko likes drinks, apple drink," she pointed out. But the gorilla's responses were often interrupted by her keener interest in playing with her Troll doll and picking nits out of her hair. When

she grew weary of the whole enterprise she pulled the plug on her nethead fans with a single command: "Lights off. Good."

The cyberchat was held to raise money for the Gorilla Foundation, who are trying to find the idiosyncratic Koko a new home. The silver-tongued simian has never been far from the news in America. Two years ago she picked out her mate Ndume from a video of potential suitors; the equivalent of *Tatler's* 100 Most Eligible Bachelor Gorillas. She got increasingly angry with the quality of the line-up, even attacking the screen with her stuffed alligator.

But when she saw Ndume, who had just been suspended from public duty at Chicago Zoo for his scat antics, it was love at first sight. It looks now like they are all set to become the first zoological Liz Taylor and Richard Burton.



INTERNUTTER:

Dr Nicholas Robinson

<http://web.ukonline.co.uk/members/n.robinson/railgun/index.htm>

When not doing important stuff at Charing Cross and Westminster Medical School, Nick is tending his extensive website about armoured trains. It's got places to see, rare armoured carriages (mostly halfway up a mountain in Chechnya), and a guest book full of surreal musings: "Today we have sophisticated missiles, but they don't capture the charisma that these guns do."



Games review

MOTORHEAD



Gremlin's heavily hyped driving game *Motorhead* finally hits the shops this month with a screech of tires, living up to its tag of "high velocity entertainment". Hailed as one of the most graphically intense games ever produced, and running at a staggering 50 frames per second, despite this technical wizardry the games never fails to disappoint in its presentation.

Win 95, PSX £39.99, Gremlin

YOSHI'S STORY

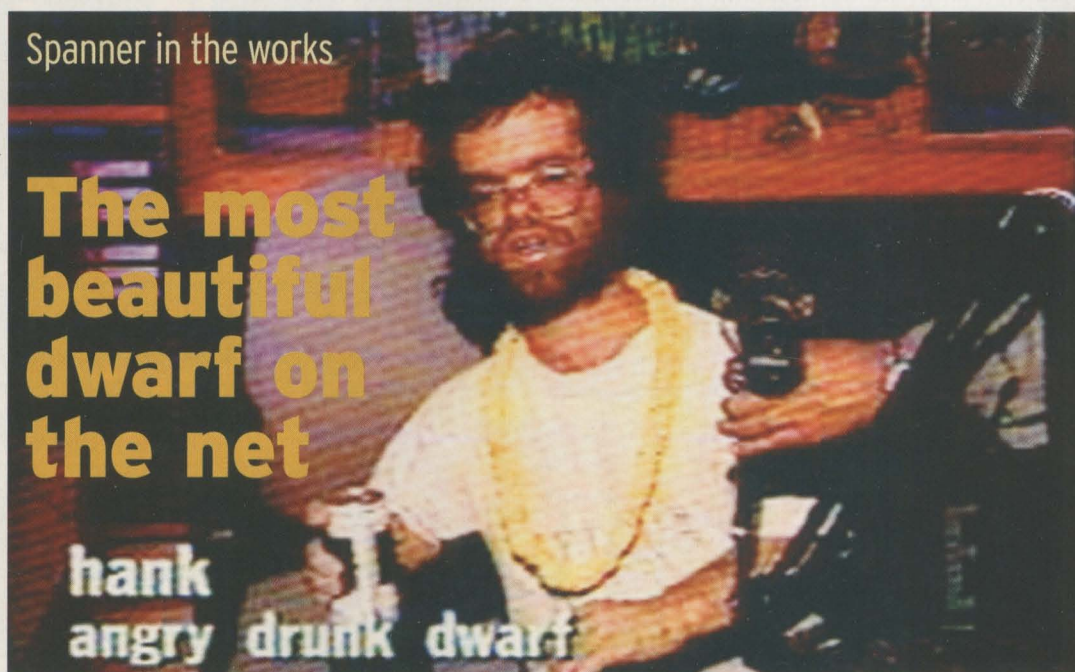


If we had to pick five words to describe *Yoshi's Story* we'd go for: cute, infuriating, trippy, addictive and bugger. Bugger because that's what you say most often when playing the game. In *Yoshi's Story* you take the part of the *Mario Bros'* diminutive dinosaur and travel through a world that's been squashed into two dimensions by the theft of the Super Happy Tree, which you have to rescue. Sounds trippy? It is. Bloody good fun though.

N64, £49.99, Nintendo

Spanner in the works

The most beautiful dwarf on the net



hank
angry drunk dwarf

How the citizens of the internet spike 'readers' choice' polls worldwide

MEDIA PRANKS ARE always going to appeal to 'Netizens', the nebulous and unidentifiable group of people who dwell in the electronic ether, holding dear little other than freedom of passage and speech within their virtual universe. Fucking about in any way that sticks two fingers up to the establishment has been a feature of the internet from day one. But quite how rapidly and impressively culture-jamming movements can gain speed has been demonstrated recently by events at People Online.

American celebrity-sucking magazine *People* has been running its third annual Most Beautiful People Poll via its website, with sprout-faced heart-throb Leonardo Di Caprio hotly tipped to win. But People Online had reckoned without the deep allure of Hank the Angry, Drunken Dwarf, a regular on shock-jock Howard Stern's radio show. On the last day of the poll, Friday 8 May, Hank had garnered some 229,641 votes, making him far and away the most beautiful person in the world.

The play seems to have originated at an unofficial Stern fansite, called King of All Media. Site owner Kevin Renzulli received an email from one 'RF' suggesting that it would be a good idea to vote for Hank. This was around 20 April.

Word spread via email and disparate newsgroups. Hank, who doesn't even have a computer, says of his newly acquired status, "It's just nuts," but is happy to have "creamed" Leonardo (whose 14,433 votes seem very puny). In an interesting addendum, another campaign has won the second place for pro-wrestler Ric Flair, with 19,700. One wonders how Leo feels about all this.

Elsewhere, Turkey's net community has done a similar jamming job on *Time* Magazine's online poll to discover the Person of the Century. In categories as wide-ranging as sport, arts, entertainment and adventure(?), statesman and founder Mustafa Kemal Attaturk has emerged victorious. Whereas People Online has been forced to acknowledge Hank's win, *Time* has simply ditched Attaturk. In the light of these mass movements *Time* might well live to regret this decision. Then again, given the Net's taste for revenge, they might not. Live, that is.

King of All Media <http://www.koam.com/>

People Online's Most Beautiful People in The World Poll <http://www.pathfinder.com/people/50most/1998/vote>
Time Magazine's Person of The Century Poll http://www.pathfinder.com/time/time100/poll_index.html

CORNERSHOP

You can get anything on the net. Including lots of things you didn't know you wanted. And lots of things you definitely don't want

Dipsticks

<http://smokingpussy.com/order.html>
 "What do cigars and pussy have in common?" teases Renée's Erotic Cigar Store. Apparently we like to savour both. That's her excuse for sticking a hand-rolled cigar from the Dominican Republic up her nether regions and then flogging it to you for \$35 (\$50 if you want a photo of her doing it as well). But it does come sealed in its own glass humididor "to preserve the

shopping on the internet is really great

sweet scent of the cigar and the pussy juice." Dunking a B&H just won't do.

Love Bites

<http://www.teethbydnash.com>
 If you can't get out much during the day due to a tendency to spontaneously combust in sunlight, visit this website instead. Here you



Brooklyn (long length)

can purchase vampire acroutements and custom made teeth - from straightforward acrylic caps at \$65 a pair through to full sets of custom-made vampy dentures, \$400 and up. Or go for something really flashy and get yourself glow in the dark choppers.

Rock-a-Hula

<http://www.mcphee.com/>
 You never knew you needed this ultimate kitsch car accessory, but believe us, you do. If only for five

minutes. Stick her to your dash and she wiggles and jiggles as you hit those bloody sleeping policemen at 50mph. A pity she's only 6.5 inches high but you can't have everything! And at \$6.95 she won't break the bank.

Or splash out \$12.95 on this fat vinyl fella with a powerful fan protruding from his belly. Battery powered, the sumo fan is actually useful, rather than just stupid.



Read yourself raw!

Been a naughty boy? Missed our earlier issues? Lucky for you we've got some left which we'll generously let you have in return for £3 each. (US \$6.95, OS £3.50).



ISSUE TWO



ISSUE THREE



ISSUE FOUR



ISSUE FIVE

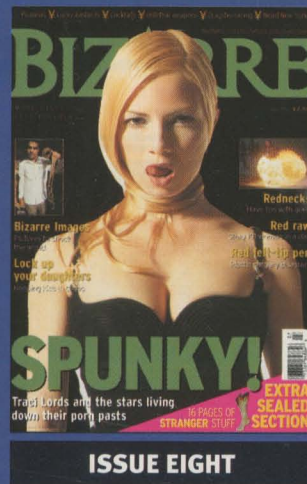


ISSUE SIX



ISSUE SEVEN

BIZARRE back issues



ISSUE EIGHT



ISSUE NINE

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Edited by James Wallis

The goods from the gate

For 25 years, Cecil Adams has been answering the unanswerable in his *Straight Dope* books. But the big question is: who is he really?

FOR ANYONE working in the field of obscure information-gathering, the name 'Cecil Adams' is a source of awe. Author of the syndicated 'Straight Dope' newspaper column, Cecil has been answering strange questions from the 'teeming masses' since 1973: an astonishing 25 years. To mark the occasion, he's published a book, *The Straight Dope Tells All*, a collection of the best material from his columns.

Cecil is fearless and tireless. It may take him as long as eight years to answer a question, but he will do it – so long as it's interesting. Faced with questions ranging from 'Did the Swiss army really use the Swiss army knife?' to 'If an aircraft's black box is indestructible, why can't they make the whole airplane out of the same material?', his research is exhaustive. Anyone who'll phone NASA to ask if any of their astronauts have had sex in space is either incredibly diligent or taking it too seriously.

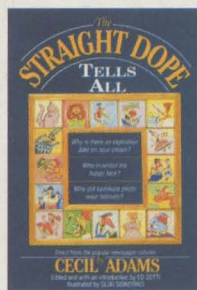
Little is known of Cecil the man – the 'About the Author' note simply reads 'People often ask whether age will mellow Cecil. We wish.' – and all contact with him is via his second-in-command, Ed Zotti, often referred to as 'Little Ed'. We contacted Ed for the straight dope on the Straight Dope.

What does your job as Cecil's assistant entail?

My co-assistant Jane now handles Cecil's more exotic requests. Also anything involving farm animals. No kidding. Last week she obtained a duck to discover whether, as legend has it, its quack will not echo. As for me, what can I say? I edit. I post bail. Things any assistant does.

What's the strangest question Cecil's ever been asked?

This is like asking what's the world's ugliest insect. The mind crowds with possibilities. Our bosses at the *Chicago Reader*, which syndicates the column, used to answer enquiries from potential subscribers with a copy of Cecil's



answer to the query, 'Why is [doodoo] brown?' Those who stuck with us were Our Kind.

Has there ever been a question that Cecil has refused to answer?

We drew the line at revealing whether there was any way to keep a severed head alive. We felt, and I don't mean to imply anything by this, that that was hitting a bit close to home.

Are there any unanswerable ones?

We did have one to which we never got a satisfactory answer (so we published a lame one): What is the cause of piss shiver? That little convulsion that occurs when – you know when it occurs. Science has been content to leave this field of inquiry unexplored.

Has the internet made your job easier or more difficult?

On the whole, vastly easier. It has lowered the gate in terms of stupid questions. On the other hand, we have access to resources of astonishing breadth, making it possible to answer questions previously impervious to inquiry. Try walking down the street and finding someone who can give a convincing account of the history and purpose of a merkin, i.e., a pubic wig.

Has Cecil ever been proved wrong?

Cecil is genetically incapable of error. But his assistants screw up. Cecil does what any great leader does in such a situation. He blames me.

How do you respond to allegations that you are, in fact, Cecil Adams?

With ill-concealed delight. It is difficult to object strenuously to being mistaken for the world's most intelligent man. One meets eager reporters who want to believe that they have uncovered one's little secret, and who am I to disappoint them? One fellow was sure I was Cecil. Two more beers and I'd have had him believing I was Amelia Earhart.

I have often thought it interesting that people accept unquestioningly that my name is Ed Zotti.

"Cecil is incapable of error"



Boing!



DOUGAL

by Eric Thompson
(Bloomsbury, £5.99)

It really is the continuing and timeless adventures of the excitable hairbrush from *The Magic Roundabout*, originally written in the early 1970s by Emma Thompson's dad, and now given a spanking redesign for the millennium. We love this not because it's trendy retro-chic, but because it's sodding brilliant.

Between the book-ends

CONSPIRACY



by Daniel Pipes
(Simon & Schuster, £16.99)

A timely history and overview of conspiracy theories from the Templars to the Ohio Bombing, this book takes a clear-sighted view of the whole thing and concludes that most conspiracy theories are paranoid bunk. Incisive, exhaustive and extremely well written.

COWS



by Matthew Stokoe
(Creation Books, £11.95)

If we had to name the most bloody, unpleasant piece of fiction we've read, *Cows* would be near the top of the list. That's a compliment. This boy-meets-cow saga of slaughter, hate, shit and murder is bizarrely compelling; you want to put it down but you can't.

HELL HATH NO FURY



by Michael O'Connor
(Olympia Press, £10)

A rapist gets his come-uppance in this tale of retribution, rogering, rubberwear and general sexual degradation. The author is a BIZARRE reader, so you know it makes sense.

WORST NEW BOOK

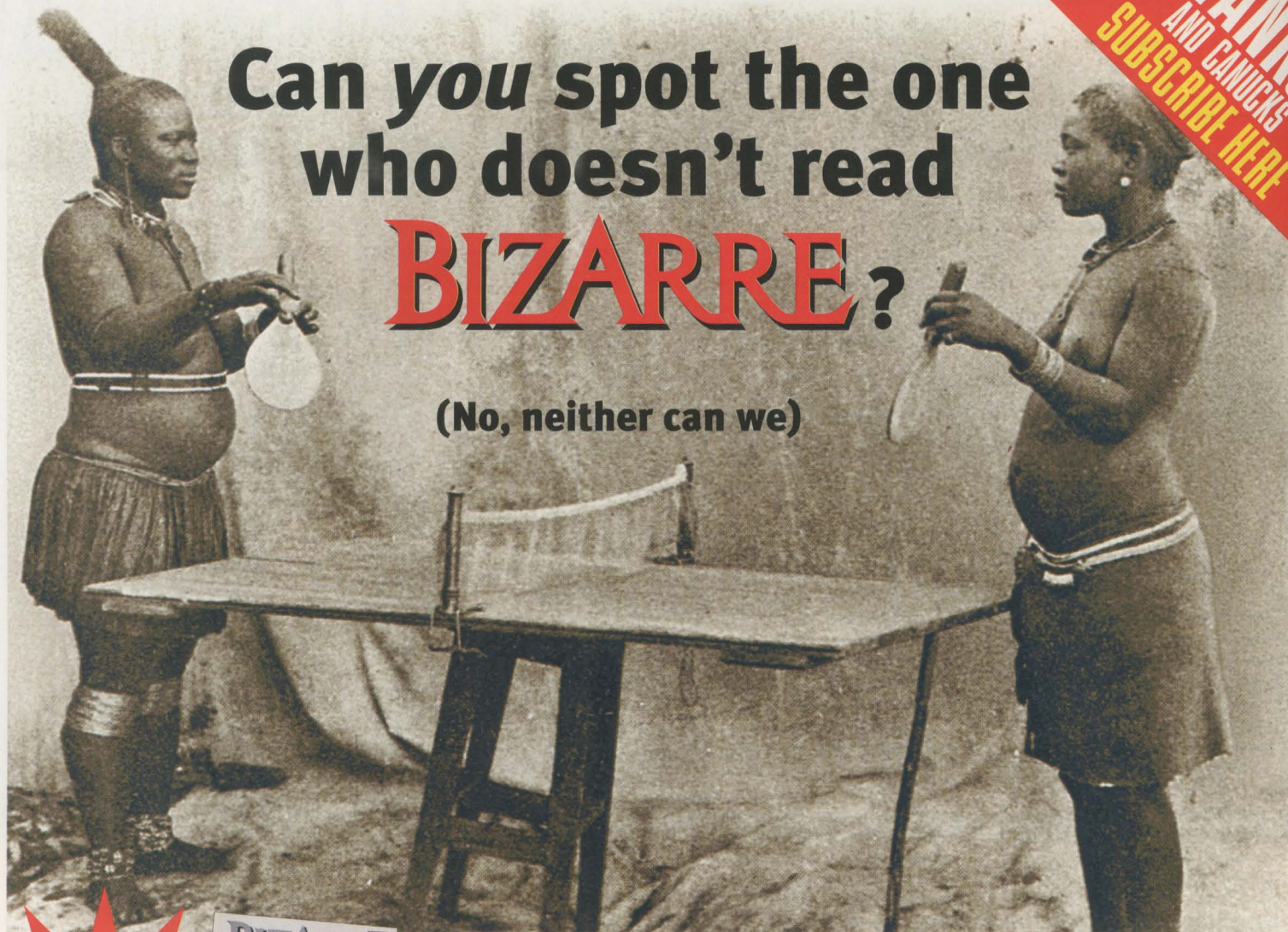
WE'VE RECEIVED SOME chaff this month, but *Beyond the Blue: dolphins and their healing powers* by Amanda Cochrane and Karena Callen (Bloomsbury, £8.99) takes the haddock. It's about 'How dolphins improve our health and help us to live in harmony.' What's that, Flipper? You say it's utter toss? Damn right.



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AND CANUCKS
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(No, neither can we)



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Edited by Mark Blacklock

Hear 'em now - if you can find 'em!



PM SCIENTISTS **DROP THE BEATS**

If you fancy your chances of becoming a DJ, don't listen to the Psychonauts - you'll realise there's no hope of

ever getting that good and will be back down the Job Centre with your dreams in tatters before you can say "Back once again with the ill behaviour" and do a couple of shit scratches. Quality throughout.

Physics Music Works, out now

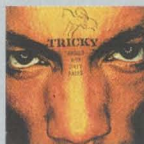


MONEY MARK **PUSH THE BUTTON**

Quirky lo-fi grooves from the Beasties' mate Mark. You cannot go wrong buying this, packed to the brim as it

is with funky-ass tunes, cool vocodered vocals, phat basslines and strange sentiments - "The talking monkey shits", indeed. Pushes all the right buttons.

Mo' Wax, out now

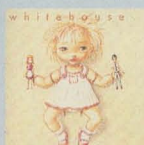


TRICKY **ANGELS WITH DIRTY FACES**

Disappointingly average. A big name who we really wanted and expected to

push his twisted sound to new depths, Tricky hasn't tried to make his music any more accessible, which is nice, but neither has he delivered anything more innovative than his previous work. Better not say anything too nasty, mind. He's written some mean songs about softie journalists.

Island, out now



WHITEHOUSE **MUMMY AND DADDY**

Whitehouse have been doing this for nearly 20 years and you have to ask why. They demand to be

reviewed here: there is no denying the extreme nature of their work - tense, industrial, studio noise with a vaguely discernible and rather nasty lyrical content - but a mag less open-minded than BIZARRE might simply dismiss this as utter cack. Fuckup stuff.

Susan Lawly, out now



AUTECHRE **LP5**

Whitehouse should have a listen to this. Beautifully sad electronic music, so much so that it's almost

tempting to coin the phrase 'Melancholia' (but that would be a twat's trick). Intricate bleeps, beeps, squeaks and tap-dancing amphetamine-addicted metallic insects. Kick-ass kicks and dolorific organ tones tie the whole together. Superior techno music from distant worlds.

Warp, out 22 June

Spleen

Itching to score

Rob Ellis put together an indie supergroup. Do Spleen cut the mustard?

ONCE UPON A TIME a record exec had a really great idea: assemble a rock group who had proved their talent with other great bands. Over the next 20 years he came up with some stormers: Asia, The Band and Tom Petty's irrepressible Travelling Wilburys. The music-buying public were amazed. How could such a sound idea produce such arse results?

Spleen's *Little Scratches* is the rebuttal. Mastermind Rob Ellis, who is used to collaborating with top bods like PJ Harvey and John Cale, has utilised the talents of Terry Edwards (Tindersticks, Gallon Drunk and his own outfit The Scapegoats) and John Parrish (PJ Harvey, 16 Horsepower), amongst others for his Spleen project. We talked to Terry about how this weird album of jazz-tinged indie grooviness came about.

Where did you record the album?

It was in a cottage on a dairy farm. Rob just hired all the recording equipment and stayed there for however long it took. The drums were set up in one room, like an outhouse, in the yard. Twice a day cows would be herded past and we'd have to down tools until the commotion had died down.

Did you plan to seclude yourselves in the countryside while recording?

It was through necessity, because the only other studio near to Rob's was booked out when we were there, so we couldn't get in.

It is very disquieting. Did you set out to make a strange record?

I don't know how intentional it is. As you can tell by the writing credits it's not all Rob's stuff, although it was really his baby - he's got a very good socialist outlook to splitting up songwriting credits. If you've had some sort of input which has changed the

shape of the song he cuts you in as a co-writer. Generally speaking they're three-quarters his. I think lyrically Tim Farthing did quite a lot of work but I didn't meet everyone.

You weren't all there at the same time?

No. Only backing tracks were put down altogether. Rob had done a lot of stuff pre-production, writing quite meticulously on computer. But I don't think it has too much of a machine-y feel, he's used the technology really well.

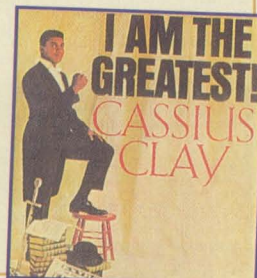
Watch out for Terry's upcoming live performances with Lydia Lunch and Terry Edwards and The Scapegoats. *Little Scratches* is in the shops now on Swarf Finger Records.

Twice a day cows would be herded past and we'd have to down tools

BIZARRE OLD FOLK

10. Mohammed Ali

IF YOU DIDN'T know that Muhammed Ali went by the name Cassius Clay prior to his conversion to Islam then you haven't really been concentrating, have you? You could be forgiven, however, for not knowing that he recorded a record entitled, with typical modesty, *I Am The Greatest!* (out now on Rev-Ola). With hindsight, perhaps Ali claimed to "float like a butterfly and sing like a bee".



BIZARRE 24 HOURS

SENSELESS IN SYDNEY

Despite the fact his flight took longer than his stay, jolly STEVE LOPEZ packed his swag and headed for Sydney, Australia's sizzling sin central

AAAAH, SYDNEY – THAT Antipodean paradise of sun, surf, sand and sex. As hometown to such beautiful people as Elle MacPherson and Mel Gibson, this harbour city with its famous bridge and opera house would have to be one of the hottest spots in the world. And, as the land of 24-hour licensing, it's a real soaker's Shangri-La. Surrounded by stunning beaches, the city is busily preparing itself for the 2000 Olympics, but don't be deceived by the blue skies and long-legged lovelies. Underneath the glimmering surface lies a poetically seedy and unusual underbelly.

7.30pm
ELVIS PIZZA LIVE
Rushcutter's Bay

After a brain-battering 26-hour flight from London, what better way to start a Sydney tour than

to see the King live? This classic Sydney nightspot puts on the show and a feed humungous enough for the man himself to baulk at. How's this for a starter: three racks of pork ribs, 12 roasted chicken wings, a plate of oven wedges and four corns on the cob? Deciding against death by blocked colon, I went for the pizza selection. From a choice including chicken 'Love Me Tender' and artichoke 'Suspicious Minds' I woofed down the cabanosi 'Hound Dog', in the company of some seasoned regulars. Said one: "In the past we'd all get dressed up as Elvis and then we'd hit the ten-pin bowling alley next door."

Unfortunately the alley is now closed. It was time for me to leave the building.

10pm
THE BOURBON AND BEEFSTEAK HOTEL
Kings Cross

Along with my new-found 'mates', I cabbied it straight to the heart of the red-light sleaze of Kings Cross. This place would really give Amsterdam a run for its money. Lined with hookers, pimps, sex shops and strip clubs, it's buzzing. Tonight there must have been a biker convention because the main strip was full of hard-nosed leather lads. We headed to the Bourbon and Beefsteak which is one of the locals' favourite bars.

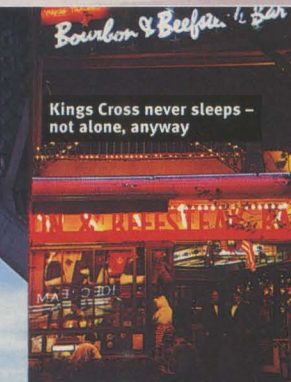
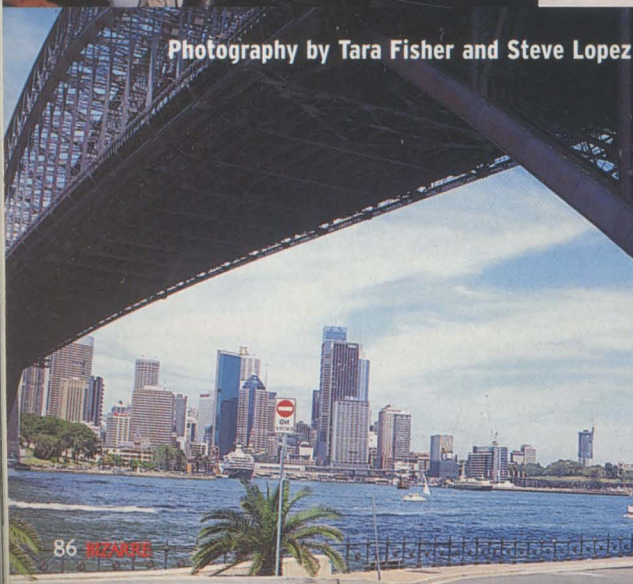
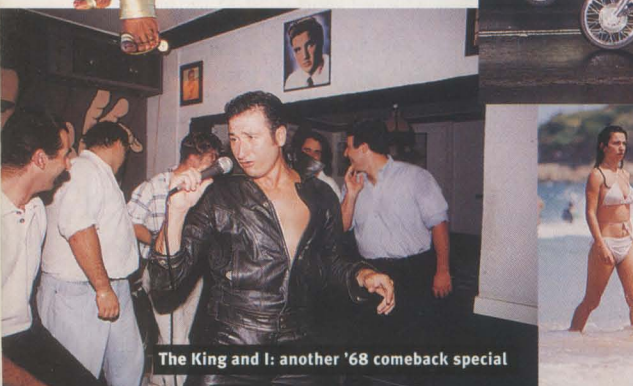
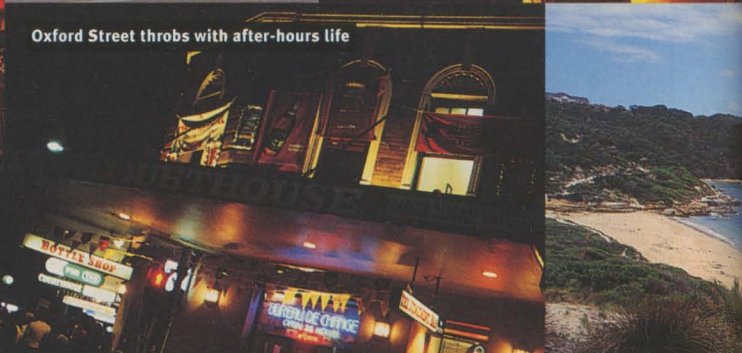
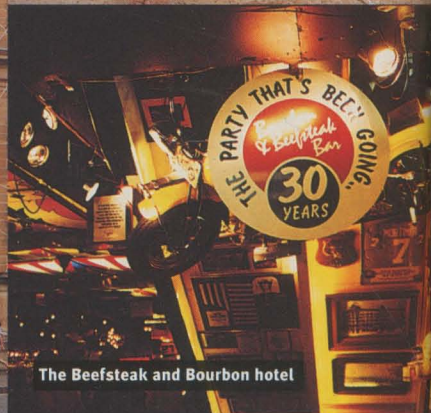
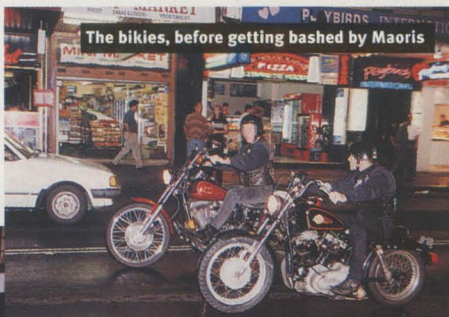
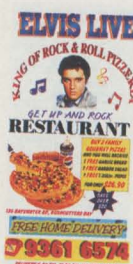
After a few VBs and Tooheys, the doorman had a brain explosion and let some bikers in. A scuffle broke out between them and some Maoris. My friends were quick to point out that you should never mess with these native New Zealanders or you'll come off second best.

12pm
THE COURTHOUSE HOTEL
Oxford Street

By now I couldn't distinguish whether I was under the influence of drink or jetlag, so it was a good time to witness 'swinging' Oxford Street.

This is where the largest gay Mardi Gras in the world takes place and it's also one of the hippest parts of town – friendly and full of nightclubs and bars that stay open all night.

I stopped off at the Courthouse Hotel, one of Sydney's historic pubs, to soothe my headache with one last jar of hops. Blasting away next door was the trendy, three-floored Kinsela's nightclub – once a busy funeral parlour. Which, by the look of the staggering ravers outside, could still have done some brisk trade.



8am CRONULLA BEACH AND KURNELL

Cronulla is 40 minutes' drive south from the city centre and, unlike Bondi Beach which is riddled with lobster-red tourists, this is the locals' hangout. There didn't seem to be any ugly people there and I could see why Cronulla was recently voted by Sydneysiders as the best beach. But one of the lifeguards tells me it's been a deadly summer, with more than 30 drownings.

If you've come out to Cronulla, you may as well make the trip to nearby Kurnell on Botany Bay, the historic 'birthplace of a nation'. I visited the very spot where Captain Cook first landed and claimed Australia for the British – pissing off hundreds of thousands of Aborigines in the process.

10am HARRY'S CAFE DE WHEELS Woolloomooloo

You don't go to Sydney and not sample a traditional meat pie from Harry's Cafe

de Wheels. "It's part of our heritage," said one local wharfie. "They do a fair pie – you have one for lunch and you don't need any dinner." Pies, like flies, are an unavoidable part of Australian life. Originally a little cafe on wheels, Harry's is now a permanent fixture and has been serving its famous fare to Sydneysiders longer than it takes to say the name of the suburb in which it operates – Woolloomooloo!

11am LORD NELSON BREWERY HOTEL The Rocks

If BIZARRE was going to stick to the historical trail, a thirst-quencher was in order, at Sydney's oldest licensed hotel. Bang in the middle of the historic Rocks area where the convicts first settled, it serves up a home-cooked Aussie lunch including what looks like Sydney's oldest bread – called damper. The recipient of several Best Pub awards, the Lord Nelson brews a selection of ales and lagers on the premises. You can choose between Nelson's Blood, Trafalgar Pale Ale or the

Old Admiral – and these guys want to go Republican?

12.30pm THE BOUNTY Sydney Harbour

First Cook, then Nelson, now Captain Bligh – what is with these English sailors? I couldn't resist the harbour any longer. Docked just underneath the Harbour Bridge at

Campbell's Cove is the Bounty. The vessel was originally built for the film *Mutiny on the Bounty*, with Mel Gibson, and is a full-scale recreation of Captain Bligh's 18th-century ship. Sailing, with champagne in hand, past the Opera House is most enjoyable, until the crew start to recreate that 18th-century feeling with sea shanties: the novelty wears thin after the first few hours. It would have been better to catch a ferry across the harbour. At £30 a pop, is it any wonder Fletcher Christian burned the original Bounty?



3.30pm THE SNAKE PIT La Perouse

John Cann, with his travelling reptile show, is the snakeman of La Perouse. This bloke is the next best thing to Crocodile Dundee. For over 35 years he has been performing here with his collection of deadly snakes and reptiles, including actual crocodiles.

DINGO LINGO

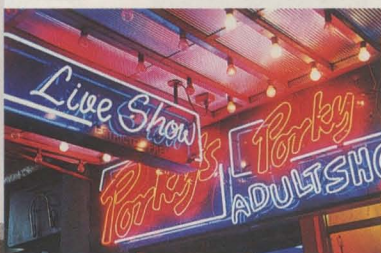
Believe me, with the amount of slang spoken at the pubs in Australia, you're going to need this dictionary.

Hit the fart sack – Time for bed
Maggot bag – Meat pie
You're a nought – You're ugly
Bleed the lizard – Have a piss
Wanna stink? – Would you care to fight with me?
On the tooth – I'm hungry
Fun bags – Tits
Crack a fat – I've got an erection
Pig's arse – I don't agree with you
Two-pot screamer – Someone who cannot hold their beer



A 'Bluey' cruise. Obviously

The Cook resort:
Botany Bay



Pie-eyed: Harry's
Cafe De Wheels



TV eye: window
dressing in
Kings Cross

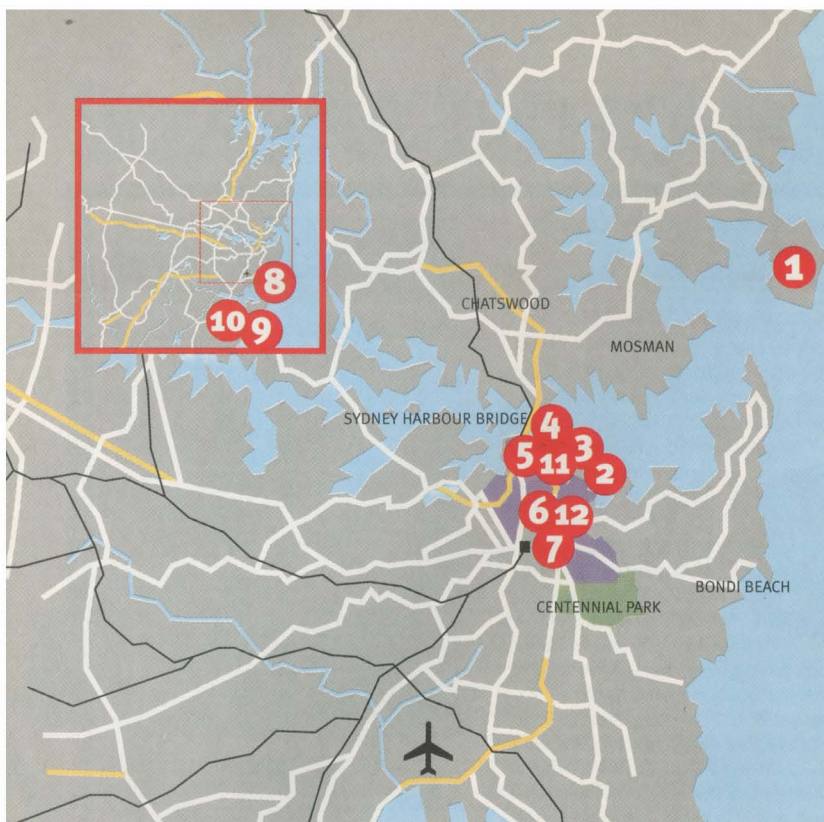
The pies are right: essential Aussie tucker

Cronulla beach:
Sydney's finest

English pub
and Queen Vic

Gi's a blow job:
Didgeridoos

The steaming heart of the Sydney metropolis



SYDNEY

- 1 Manly: The Manly Ghost Tour
- 2 Elvis Pizza
- 3 Woolloomooloo: Harry's Cafe de Wheels
- 4 Bounty Harbour Cruise
- 5 The Rocks: The Lord Nelson Brewery Hotel
- 6 Kings Cross: The Bourbon and Beefsteak Hotel
- 7 Oxford Street
- 8 La Perouse: The Snake Pit
- 9 Kurnell: Captain Cook's Landing Place
- 10 Cronulla Beach
- 11 Circular Quay
- 12 The Courthouse Hotel

ESSENTIAL INFO

GETTING THERE

From London to Gatwick, Airtours (reservations 0171 626 0000) does a cheap return for £650 with stops at Bahrain and Singapore. It's a 24-hour flight. General enquiries: The New South Wales Government Travel Centre, 19 Castlereagh St, Sydney, tel 00 61 2 9231 4444.

PLACES TO STAY

One of the best mid-city locations is the new stylish **Backpackers' Hostel**, at around £17 for a good clean room. It's at the corner of Pitt Street and Rawson Place, tel 00 61 2 9281 9111.

At around £30 a night is **The Barclay Hotel**, at 17 Bayswater Road, tel 00 61 2 9358 6133. And closer to the harbour is the well-established **Wynyard Hotel** which is well placed for access to the harbour attractions. It's at the corner of Clarence and Erskine Streets, tel 00 61 2 9299 1330.

GETTING AROUND

The best way to get around is by taxi, which is relatively cheap. Most central places won't cost you more than £8 to get to. Otherwise, it's to the buses, which can be slow and cost about £1 a throw.

On this occasion it was a cast of venomous bush snakes, such as red belly black snakes, brown snakes, pythons and adders, as well as lizards like goannas, waterdragons and bog-eyed geckos. For most of this century his family has performed the show to thousands on this same patch of dirt.

John told me that the black snake alone is responsible for most of the snakebite deaths in Australia, while he clasps one in his hand.

"It's claimed 50 snake handlers," he said. "My mother and father, who showed here for 40 years, had 17 personal friends who died from snake bites. Just yesterday my brother was doing a show in Victoria and before I came here today I got a phone call to say he is in hospital with a brown-snake bite to the knee."

With those cheery thoughts in mind, he then offered me a cup of tea back at his place. Out of fear I declined.

5.30pm CIRCULAR QUAY Sydney Harbour

Avoiding the didgeridoo buskers and hordes of tourists at Circular Quay, I went to meet up with my friends from last night's Elvis Pizza who have invited me on their 'Bluey' cricket cruise. I've donated my money to their privately chartered boat tour in aid of their local cricket club, which shall remain nameless.

It's a debauched drinking session on the water, where every member pays money for strippers and a raffle where the winner scores more than just a few runs – with the stripper as partner at the other end. No wonder the Aussie cricket team is so well motivated. It was all for a good cause and not a stump in sight. Before things got too 'bumpy' on the high seas

I was dropped off, leaving the team to party off on the horizon.

7.30pm MANLY GHOST TOUR North Head

By now, with no land legs and having spent a day in the Sydney sun, I was feeling like death warmed up. How appropriate that we ended up at Manly Quarantine Station at North Head, at the entrance to Sydney Harbour. When settlers came out from Europe over 150 years ago, those who caught diseases on the six-month voyage were quarantined in this small station. Six hundred lived and died here, and the somewhat spooky two-and-a-half-hour tour takes you around the remains of their spirited camp by torchlight, including some gorgeous views across the harbour. Sydney may not be suave central, but as a party town with weird corners, it's a fine place to visit. **B**

PUBS AND CLUBS

With hundreds to choose from, we went to: **The Bourbon and Beefsteak**, 24 Darlington Road, Kings Cross, tel 00 61 2 9358 1144.

The Courthouse Hotel, Oxford Street, Taylor Square.

The Lord Nelson Brewery Hotel, corner of Kent and Argyle Streets, The Rocks, tel 00 61 2 9251 4044.

Kinsela's, 383 Bourke Street, Darlinghurst, tel 00 61 2 9331 2699.

SIGHT SEEING

Bounty dinner and sailing cruise, bookings at 29 George Street, The Rocks, tel 00 61 2 9247 1789.

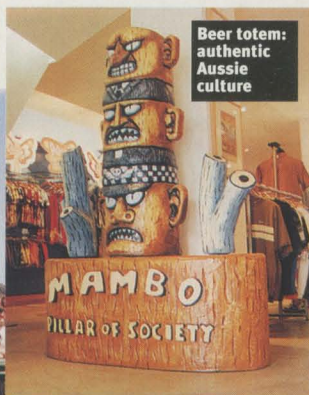
La Perouse Snake Pit. Head to Bear Island, La Perouse, right on the point. For details fax 00 61 2 9311 2990.

Manly Ghost Tours, North Head Quarantine Station, Darley Road, Manly. Book in advance on 00 61 2 9977 6522.

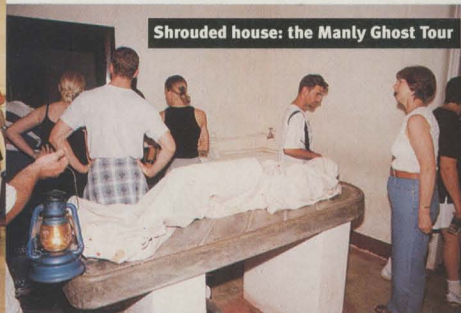
John Cann the snake man



Beer totem: authentic Aussie culture



Shrouded house: the Manly Ghost Tour

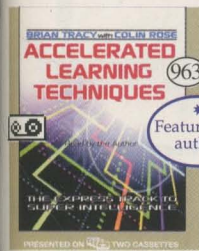


Not very mutinous on the Bounty



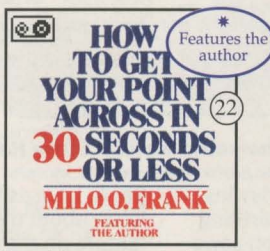
Sydney: home of the suave bon vivant

Why reading these easy success books is a complete waste of time!



Features the author

Learn any subject faster & easier. This process has been used in companies, schools & universities with faster assimilation than in any other methodology.



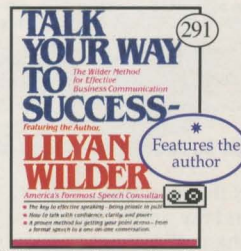
Features the author

Easy techniques to get exactly what you want using the 30 second bite. Milo Frank is a news editor who has turned his hand to business advice. He now advises AT&T, IBM & Bank of America in communication skills.



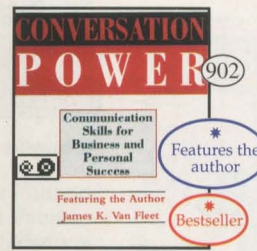
Features the author

Fear can be a powerful enemy but it must not be allowed to hold you back. This astounding tape gives exercises that reverse the effects of fear & allow it to be used positively.



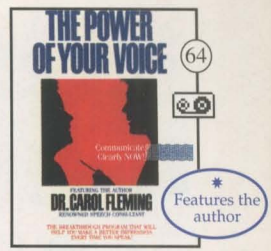
Features the author

Wilder coached George Bush, Oprah Winfrey & many other celebrities & top executives. Now let her teach you to talk with confidence & power, whether it's a one to one situation or a formal speech.



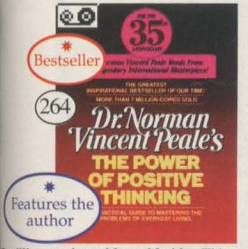
Features the author

A renowned communications expert guides you through the most effective verbal communications strategies available today.

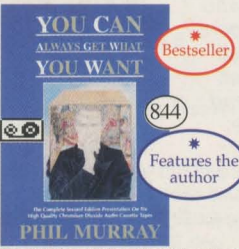


Features the author

How to control your voice on the phone or in any public situation • Correct annoying mannerisms • Erase an accent or simply build voice power.



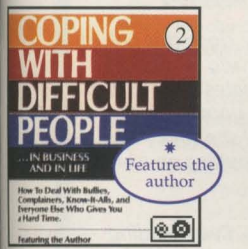
1 million copies sold worldwide. This century's most popular & respected church minister provides prayerful exercises to eliminate self doubt • Free yourself from worry, stress, resentment, & more.



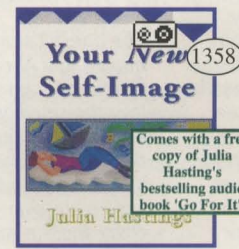
Features the author

This British writer has outsold virtually all other self improvement writers in the UK. This success manual emphasises positive attitude & shows you how to set your goals in a way that ensures you will achieve them.

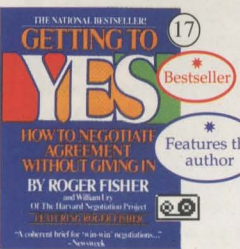
Hear all these books on TAPE!



Identify difficult types from 'too good to be true' to 'too hot to handle'. Master step by step procedures to turn these people to your advantage.

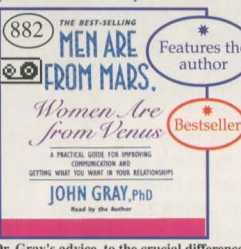


Your self image is what you think you are. It is also what you think other people feel about you. You can change your opinion any time you want if you are shown how. Learn to set goals in a way that ensures you will achieve them.



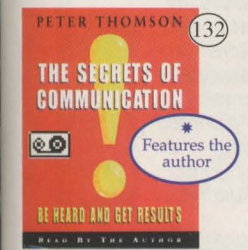
Features the author

"A coherent brief for 'win-win' negotiators" - *Newsweek*. Master the art of agreement without giving in. Fisher was a negotiator in the Iraq hostage crisis & is a lecturer at Harvard University.

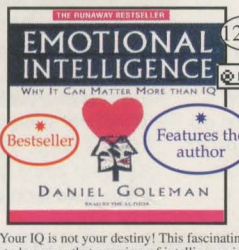


Features the author

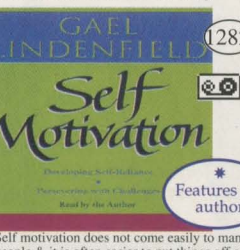
Dr. Gray's advice to the crucial differences between men & women could help solve many a conflict between the sexes - *Daily Mail*. Now I know this I feel confident I need never upset another woman - but couldn't I have been told sooner - *Jonathan Ross*



Good communication lies behind personal & business success. Maximise the potential of conversation. Others will want your ideas & products or simply you. Understand what others are really saying and when they are lying.

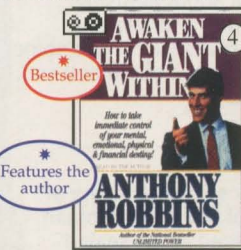


Your IQ is not your destiny! This fascinating study argues that our view of intelligence is far too narrow. Emotional abilities - self awareness, impulse control, persistence, zeal & self motivation, empathy & social defences - mark people who excel in life. Learn how to improve your emotional abilities.



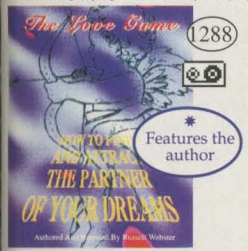
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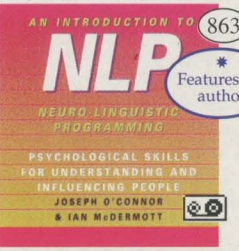


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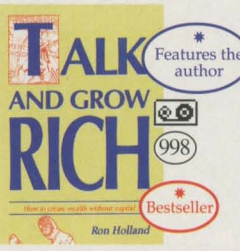
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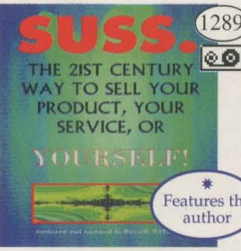


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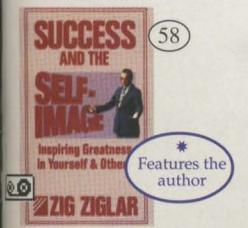
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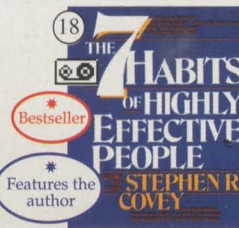


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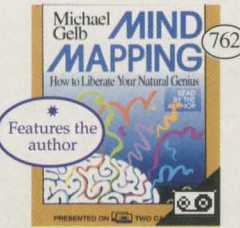
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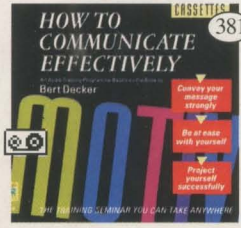
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Nebraska: it's shit

I'm writing in response to the little segment you had on Nebraska in issue 8. I'm a Nebraskan who's been living in London almost two years now, and I nearly pissed myself when I read it.

The lovely picturesque view of the Platte River valley you used in your photo nearly brought tears to my eyes and reminded me why I left that shit hole in the first place. Just when I thought I'd erased all the painful memories of my youth in Omaha, I pick up the latest issue of my favourite magazine and all the horrific memories came flowing back, like vomit after a really bad curry. I laughed myself silly knowing for a fact two of my closest friends back home actually worked at Oriental Trading Company. I've sent them copies of your feature for a giggle.

OOOOOOHHHHH!!!! I tingle ever so much when I think about what I'm missing. Like my 10-year High School reunion in July which I'll somehow manage to miss, since it clashes with the Phoenix Festival (irony). But don't worry: I've sent the organisers a copy of your lovely magazine and highlighted the article on Nebraska to explain my absence.

Cheers for putting out the most interesting magazine on the newsagents stands today!
Christopher Lauber, not in Nebraska

tits and bits



Just writing to point out something. In the Spunky issue the boob job you showed in all its gory detail – surely that's a reduction job not implantation! Implants are a major part of surgery, but never leave that kind of scarring! Pictures Ed, what are you doing? That woman had a chunk taken out.

On the same theme, thank you for printing that item about the poor little Chinese girl with her

- (12) **SEWAGE SODDITY** - When it comes to sex, some people go to the extreme. Men with sewage pumps in their penises... women swoon over their oddballs - see sex take place. Some of the most outrageous sex-acts ever - Never seen before in Britain.
- (13) **'I LOVE TIGHTS'** - See lots of delicious leggy sexy models wearing (putting on & taking off) many different pairs of figure-hugging tights (pantyhose). Solo, bisexual & hard sex sessions. Thick tights, opaque tights, sheer tights, tights pulled down to the crotch, tights with a hole torn-out at the crotch.
- (14) **TITANIC TOYS** - Not to be confused with the movie, this is a collection of toys that are designed to look like the Titanic. They are made of plastic and are very realistic.

It seems that BIZARRE's coverage of tights has been noted by the porno world... **Steve Howlett, Hornsey**

boobs. I was thinking that I couldn't stand my 34Ds. Now I appreciate them, they might slide around but at least they don't touch the floor or need personal wheelbarrows – yet.

One last thing, please. More interesting male genitalia in BIZARRE. I'm 23 so this is a perfectly natural interest and it could be well fed whilst sharing the varied delights of BIZARRE with my dear husband.

MeiLin Layton, Chippenham

We'll whip the caption writer to within an inch of their life, don't you worry MeiLin. But you'll still have to wait until issue 15 (the next sealed section) for the most disgusting picture of a penis we've ever seen.

more girls' bits

Tim's letter (issue 8) was ever so slightly OTT, but he's got a point – you do appear to have a penis fixation. I was going to suggest that if Tim wishes to see female genitals then he should buy top-shelf mags, but the pictures in these mags are 'merely' raunchy. BIZARRE is all about amusing, weird, shocking and amazing pictures, so please let's have some female equivalents of the bell end.

Clive, Crawley

contacts mag

I particularly enjoyed looking at the picture of the obese woman getting shagged in the sealed section of the May BIZARRE. Any chance of printing more pictures like this in your next issue, and ways of contacting these women? I for one would be very grateful.

Mark Lewin, no address

You seem to have us confused with an entirely different sort of magazine. Try a newsy, or the net.

pens and needles

On a recent gore tour of London my sister-in-law and I popped along to the Old Operating Theatre Museum in St Thomas Street (about five minutes from the London Dungeon) and what should we find there but the fab syringe pen ('Scary Biro') as shown in your brill mag. You said you didn't know where to find them in England, so this is a brilliant place to get one. Although you do not have to enter the museum to buy stuff from their shop, it's well worth the three pound something

entrance fee to delight in viewing the pickled hernias, early birthing instruments and amputation saws among their fine displays.

Fiona Foskett, Ryde

Thanks to you and everyone who told us where to find syringe pens. Joke shops seem to be the best bet. Or you can write us a letter, and if it's printed then we'll send you one to show our gratitude.

sock off



Oh hi. This is the third postcard this month and the last. If I win the lottery

tonight, say £4 million, and I pay you £5,000, will you please please pretty please show the kindness in your hearts and allow me to see some tights in your mag? Or are you against tights? Have you had a nasty experience with them or something? Treat you nice then they will treat you nice... stroke them, touch them, rub them... ohhhhh...

A. J. Lucas, Grimsby

This is getting tedious. We will not, now or ever, be running a feature on tights, stockings, bobby sox or any other kind of leg-cladding. You'll just have to go back to page 74 and buy a copy of the new Elmer Batters collection, which is full of women in tights.

Re: A. J. Lucas from Grimsby's letter about tights, I would like a feature on the man who invented them, so, like many other healthy, red-blooded males, I could throttle the bastard with a pair.

Dr Bone, Newcastle

you're havana laugh

In your Fag Hags article, 'Waiting To Inhale', you mentioned that Claudia Schiffer is a smoker. She is not. She prides herself on being an exemplary model by not smoking or drinking, and when questioned on the subject of body piercing has been heard to say "I haven't even got my ears pierced."

C. L. Hathoway, Reading

She doesn't smoke cigarettes but, to quote Cigar Aficionado magazine: "She really appreciates good cigars. 'I love the smell of a good cigar, the elegance, the feel,' she says." And there's pics of her puffing on a big ol' stogie to prove it.

Okay, that's a wrap. Keep sending stuff: we want to hear your freaky stories, see your weird press cuttings, and know about your most bizarre experiences. Each issue the writer of the best letter gets a crate of Boddingtons – and now there's a syringe pen for every letter-writer who gets something printed on this page. If you're sending email, don't forget to include a postal address.



You decide... Monster lizard vs topless model

I am enquiring as to whether you require any photographic models? I am a 22-year-old female who would like to begin a modelling career, probably within the glamour area or lingerie modelling. I have been approached before so I am quite sure I have the necessary attributes! I have some professional photos on their way to me at present as I've just appeared in a national newspaper. Anyway my vital stats are: 5' 5", blonde shoulder-length hair, green eyes, fair skin, size 10-12, curvy 36c-25-30. Very bubbly personality!

Jo, Oxford

Recently I was lucky to take pictures of a monster among small local lizards – the animal with a forked tail. Four photos may be considered as good ones. I enclose the photocopies of three of them to show you the material for possible publication. I also can write a caption about how the pictures were taken and behaviour of the monster. All my photographs are the quality colour prints. I am sure the readers of your magazine will be very interested to see that unusual dragon.

Victor Bykov, Abu Dhabi

Well, Jo and Victor's fates lie in your hands, gentle reader... do you want to see his pics of a monster lizard? Or Jo in her scanties? Write and let us know, and we'll print the most popular.

BIZARRE

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In issue 11, on sale 17 July...



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This new edition also contains a chapter on how men themselves can achieve multiple orgasm (now a scientifically proven phenomenon). Read it to believe it. Another new chapter deals with "The G-Spot", giving full details on this elusive, and (until now), mysterious female "hot spot". Most men are definitely inept lovers, but through no fault of their own - it feels good to him, so he reckons it feels good to her...but it doesn't! You can't blame him, how is he to know any better? The girlfriends aren't much help. So the men keep pushing, and the women keep faking. This is your chance to be different from "most men". Good lovers are so rare most women don't know what one is. Just the fact that you are reading this shows that you are willing to learn how to give her the best love she's ever had (this is no exaggeration). After reading this book, you'll be a different person. You'll wonder how you ever did without it! Sex-wise, we honestly believe this is the best investment you will ever make. Cheryl's method has made thousands of couples very, very happy, and probably prevented just as many couples breaking up. We are so confident of this miraculous system that we ask customers to write in and tell us how they got on! Amazingly over 70% do! Here are a few excerpts:

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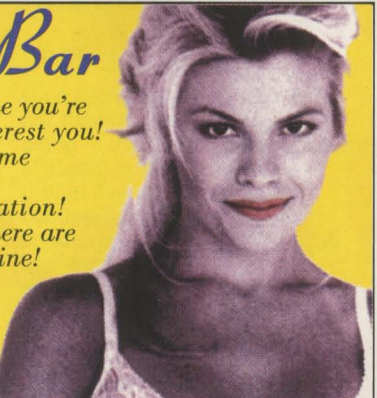
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How I Improved My Memory In One Evening

The Amazing Experience of Robert Heap

"Of course I place you! You're Bob Jones of Birmingham."

"If I remember correctly — and I *do* remember correctly — John Bagshaw, the supermarket man, introduced me to you at the dinner of the Bowls Club three years ago in October. I haven't laid eyes on you since. How is the motor business? How did the merger work out?"

The assurance of this speaker — in the crowded corridor of the Hotel Piccadilly compelled me to look at him, though it is not my habit to 'eavesdrop' even in a hotel reception.

"He is Dr. Bruno Furst, the most famous memory expert in the world," said my friend Bob Clark, answering my question before I could get it out. "He will show you a lot more wonderful things than that, before the evening is over."

And he did.

As we went into the banquet room the toast-master was introducing a long line of guests to Dr. Furst. I got in line, and when it came my turn, Dr. Furst asked, "What are your initials Mr. Heap, your occupation and telephone number?" Why he asked this, I learned later, when he picked out from the crowd the sixty men he had met two hours before and called each by name without a mistake. What's more, he named each man's occupation and telephone number.

I won't tell you all the other amazing things this man did except to tell how he called back, without a minute's hesitation, long lists of numbers, playing cards, prices, newspaper articles and anything else the guests gave him in rapid order.

* * *

When I met Dr. Furst he rather bowled me over by saying:

"There is nothing miraculous about my remembering anything I want to remember, whether it be names, faces, figures, facts, or something I have read.

"You can do this as easily as I do. Anyone with an average mind can learn quickly to do exactly the same things.

"My own memory," continued Bruno Furst, "was originally very faulty. On meeting a man I would forget his name in thirty seconds, while now there are probably over ten thousand men and women in the world, many of whom I have met only once, whose names I can recall instantly on meeting them."

"That is alright for you, Dr. Furst," I interrupted, "you have given years to it. But how about me?"

"Mr. Heap", he replied, "I can teach you

the secret of a good memory in one evening. This is not a guess, because I have done it with thousands of pupils. In the first of twelve simple lessons which I have prepared for home study, I show you the basic principle of my whole system, and you will find it just like playing a fascinating game. I will prove it to you."

He didn't have to. His Course did; I got it the next day from his publishers.

When I tackled the first lesson, I suppose I was the most surprised man in the entire country to find I had learned — in about one hour — how to remember a list of one hundred words so that I could call them off forward and back without a single mistake.

That lesson *stuck*. So did the other eleven. Indeed, I was so impressed I introduced Dr. Furst's Course to this country.

Read this letter from Mr. J. W. Sullivan of London SW2:

"I feel I must drop you a line and let you know how pleased I am with your course.

"I used to be laughed at in the office here about my poor memory and I must admit with a lot of truth.

"Since I started your course my memory has improved out of all recognition.

"What is more the course is interesting and not tedious."

Mr. Sullivan didn't exaggerate.

Dr Bruno Furst's Course is fantastic! I can rely on my memory now. I can recall the name of anyone I have met before — and I keep getting better. I can remember any figures I wish. Telephone numbers come to mind instantly. What's more my concentration has improved.

The old fear of forgetting has vanished. I used to be 'scared stiff' of speaking — because I wasn't *sure*. I couldn't remember what I wanted to say.

Now I am sure of myself, confident, and relaxed when I get on my feet at the club, at a dinner, in a business meeting, or in any social gathering.

The most enjoyable part of it all is that I am now a good conversationalist — and I used to be as quiet as a lamb when I got into a crowd of people.

Now I can call up like a flash of lightning almost any fact I want. I used to think a 'hair trigger' memory belonged to the prodigy and genius. Now I see that every one of us has that kind of memory if we know how to make it work.

It's a wonderful thing, after groping around in the dark for so many years, to be able to switch on your mind and see instantly everything you want to remember.

What's more, I have become more popular and influential.

This Dr. Furst Course will do wonders in your work.

Since we took it up you never hear anyone in our office say "I think" or "It was about so much" or "I forgot" or "I can't remember" or "I must look up his name." Now they are right there with the answer like a shot.

Here is a letter from Mr. W. J. Heaney, a well-known journalist in Ireland:

"Thank you for the Memory and Concentration Course . . . I would like you to know that I have been captivated by it and now regret that I had not the good fortune to come upon it years ago.

"I am a journalist with both a multiplicity of interests and a voracious hunger for learning. This I tell you so that you will understand my need of a reliable memory and also the priceless value of the course to me.

"Dr. Furst I have come to regard as a multiple genius, and in 'You Can Remember!', I am astonished to find so much value for so small a fee."

My advice to you is don't wait another minute. Full details of Dr. Furst's amazing Course are available free on request. You will be astounded to learn what a wonderful memory you have got. Your dividends in both business and social advancement will be enormous.

ROBERT HEAP

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Full details of Dr. Furst's easy-to-follow method for developing a powerful memory are contained in a free booklet entitled "Adventures in Memory". To obtain your copy, and further proof that Dr. Furst's system really works, just call 0800 298 7070 free or post the coupon (you don't even need to stamp your envelope). Or send your name and address to: Memory & Concentration Studies, (Dept. BZM28T), FREEPOST 198, Manchester M60 3DL.

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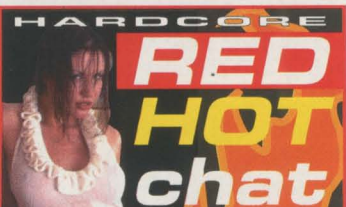
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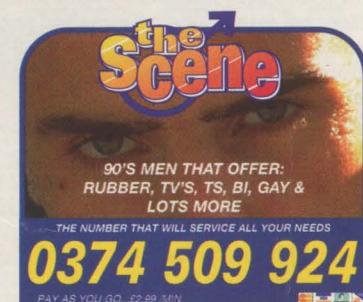
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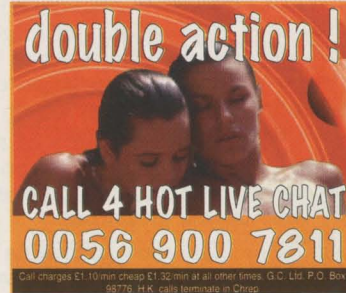


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Scientists have now isolated and synthesised two natural attractants - ANDROSTENOL and ANDROSTENONE pheromone. Carefully controlled experiments show they work and have been widely reported on television and in the press. Androstenone pheromone has been successfully tested on BBC TV's "Tomorrows World" and by Desmond Morris (Author of "The Naked Ape" and "Manwatching" and renowned human behaviourist) on BBC TV's "Friday Night ... Saturday Morning."

WHAT THE PRESS SAY:

- * "The woman finds the man attractive but she doesn't know why." - *Lifestyle*.
- * "The stuff attracts women like you wouldn't believe." - *Colorado Telegraph*.
- * "Pheromones influence human behaviour in a subtle way. Women are attracted to the smell." - *The Daily Telegraph*.
- * "A male sex pheromone which has a scent that attracts females." - *Time (Vol.115 No.2)*
- * "The scent is likely to produce a state of sexual excitement or arousal." - *Men Only (Vol.44 No.4)*
- * "And now this pheromone has been marketed, we've tested it - and good grief, it works". - *Knave*.
- * "Minute quantities were sprayed on a chair in a dentist's waiting room. Women patients made straight for the chair" - *The Sunday Times*.
- * Lowell Ponte, a former consultant on exotic weapons and a *Readers Digest* science writer, said in an interview that "use of the recently discovered chemical Androstenone should be banned - Congress should pass a law making it a crime to use this chemical to influence voters by making politicians appear more lovable." - *The San Francisco Chronicle*.

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Why Pheromones = Instant Sex Appeal!!

Pheromones are a chemical sex signal that all animals secrete to attract the opposite sex. Most sexual behaviour of animals is controlled by pheromones. They are nature's chemical sex signal to attract the opposite sex. Humans are of course also animals and we produce the same class of aromas which subconsciously affect our behaviour.

ANDROSTENOL (5 ALPHA ANDROST - 16 - EN - 3 ALPHA - OL) is a very powerful chemical in this field and is associated with youthful exuberance. Men on average produce about two to three times as much as women.

The aroma of ANDROSTENONE (5 ALPHA ANDROST-16-EN-3-ONE) seems to be the very essence of aggression or dominance in man. A Home Office criminal pathologist found in a survey of a prison population, that it was the people in the violent wing who were naturally high secretors of it. The value of Androstenone is reflected in its open market price. In small quantities it is £9,100 per gram coming down to £4,595 per gram if bought in bulk.

The effect a smell has on us depends very much on the way it is presented. If a man had the smell of territorial aggression about him, yet displayed a gentle caring character, he would be perceived as even more attractive by women. This echoes the phenomenon in

the animal kingdom, where a mate is chosen for his greater strength and vigour.

It has been proven by independent research (1) (2) that if you take a row of say ten identical chairs and spray one of them with Androstenone's aggressive odour, women sit on it more often. It is believed that as the chairs offer no difference to the smell message and are definitely not threatening, women subconsciously go towards them and find it to be some kind of invisible sanctuary.

Yet More Pheromone Facts...

- 'Boarmate' and 'Acceptance' are sprays containing pheromones which farmers use to prepare livestock for artificial insemination. The spray encourages the female animal to take up the mating posture.
- Other pheromones can induce anger or fear. The C.I.A. are using Pheromones for interrogation purposes and the U.S. Army in Crowd Control experiments. It is thought that the U.S. Air Force is experimenting with fear inducing crop spraying for use in jungle warfare
- The use of Pheromones in Perfumes has been barred in some American States for fear that people might lose all control.

The power of pheromones has been featured on 20/20, Dateline, and in articles in *Penthouse*, *Playboy*, *Chic*, *Swank*, *Vogue*, *Omni*, *Discovery* and numerous medical journals, television shows and newspapers from *The Times*, to *The Sunday Times*, to *The New York Times* to *The Los Angeles Times*!

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References.

- (1) Dr M.D. Kirksmith, Pheromonal Components in Social Attitudes, Mood and Behaviour. Department of Psychology, Faculty of Science and Engineering, University of Birmingham.
- (2) Dr. Tom Clark, World Medicine.

New improved formula CONTACT 18 from G.K.S. Research Technology, maker of Pheromone products for over 9 years, contains both ANDROSTENOL and ANDROSTENONE pheromone and produces an undetectable scent that subconsciously attracts women to the wearer. It is the world's number one selling and most concentrated (5-7 x normal active strength) pheromone spray for men - don't be misled by cheaper (or more expensive) imitations.

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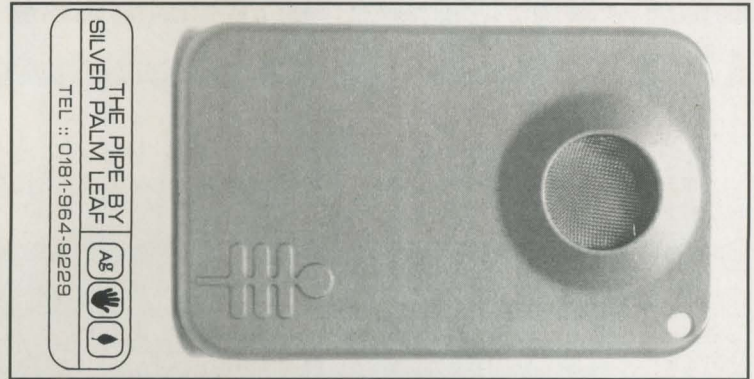
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the Liar

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THE CAUSE OF keeping the truth together and defrocking the lazy and inaccurate means that sometimes the Liar has to associate with people he would prefer to punch in the face. In this case, it's Mariah Carey. There are many reasons to despise her, but possibly the most persuasive is something she's supposed to have said in 1996: "Whenever I watch TV and see those poor starving kids all over the world, I can't help but cry. I mean I'd love to be skinny like that but not with all those flies and death and stuff." Bill Bryson quoted this in his column in the *Mail on Sunday* magazine, saying: "There is an awful lot of dumbness around". Dumbness indeed. To quote Mariah: "That is bullshit! I never said it."

I don't know who could be stupid enough to say such a thing. It's the same with all those nudes on the Internet. They're manipulated pictures where my head has been placed on a nude body."

Thanks, Mariah. Now sod off.



HERE'S A QUICK run-down of urban legends the Liar has known, loved and dismissed as rubbish recently:

* Bill Gates is testing an email-tracking system, and will send you \$1000 if you forward his email to your friends. Oh, please. Just how much of a gullible pillock do you have to be to fall for this?

* Man attaches jet engine to car; the wreckage is found stuck two hundred feet up a cliff. This has been reported as happening in Arizona, New Mexico and California, in anything from a Chevy Impala to a Plymouth Road-Runner. It's a great story but tragically there's not a scrap of evidence that it ever happened. However, back in 1957 Dodge Motors did stick a JATO solid-fuel jet to the back of one of their cars, and fired it up. They could only still only get up to 140mph.

* If you send your old trainers to Nike, they'll send you a brand-new pair free. Really? Of course not, you utter berk.

* The cursed mummy of the Princess of Amen-Ra was responsible for the sinking of the *Titanic*, and is still in the sunken ship's hold. There are two problems with this: shipping records show there

was no mummy on board the *Titanic*; and there are no records of a mummy known just as 'Princess of Amen-Ra'. Other than that, it's a great story.

* A man insures his cigars against fire damage; he collects the money but is later jailed for arson. Ha ha ha. You try going to an insurance company and taking out a policy on a box of Havanas, then.

* Craig Shergold's postcard collection. Perhaps the most famous out-of-control piece of faxlore in the world: according to legend, plucky British nine-year-old Craig Shergold (aka Shelford, Stafford, Sherwood, etc.) is dying of a brain tumour and wants to get into the *Guinness Book of Records* for receiving the most postcards (or greetings cards or business cards).

Craig really exists. He's 18 now, and much better, thank you. What's more, he's sick to death of the whole thing. It's estimated he's received over 200 million cards since 1989. His parents' house now has its own individual postcode, they get so much mail. He's appeared in newspapers and on TV, asking people to stop sending him this stuff.

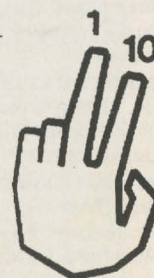
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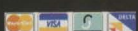
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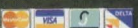
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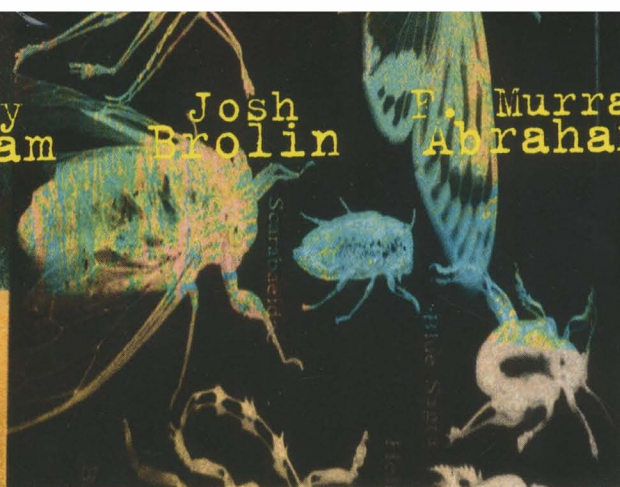
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OUR SPECIES
BY DESTROYING
OUR ENEMIES.
BUT...
EVOLUTION
HAS A WAY OF
KEEPING THINGS
ALIVE.

M i M i C 15

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